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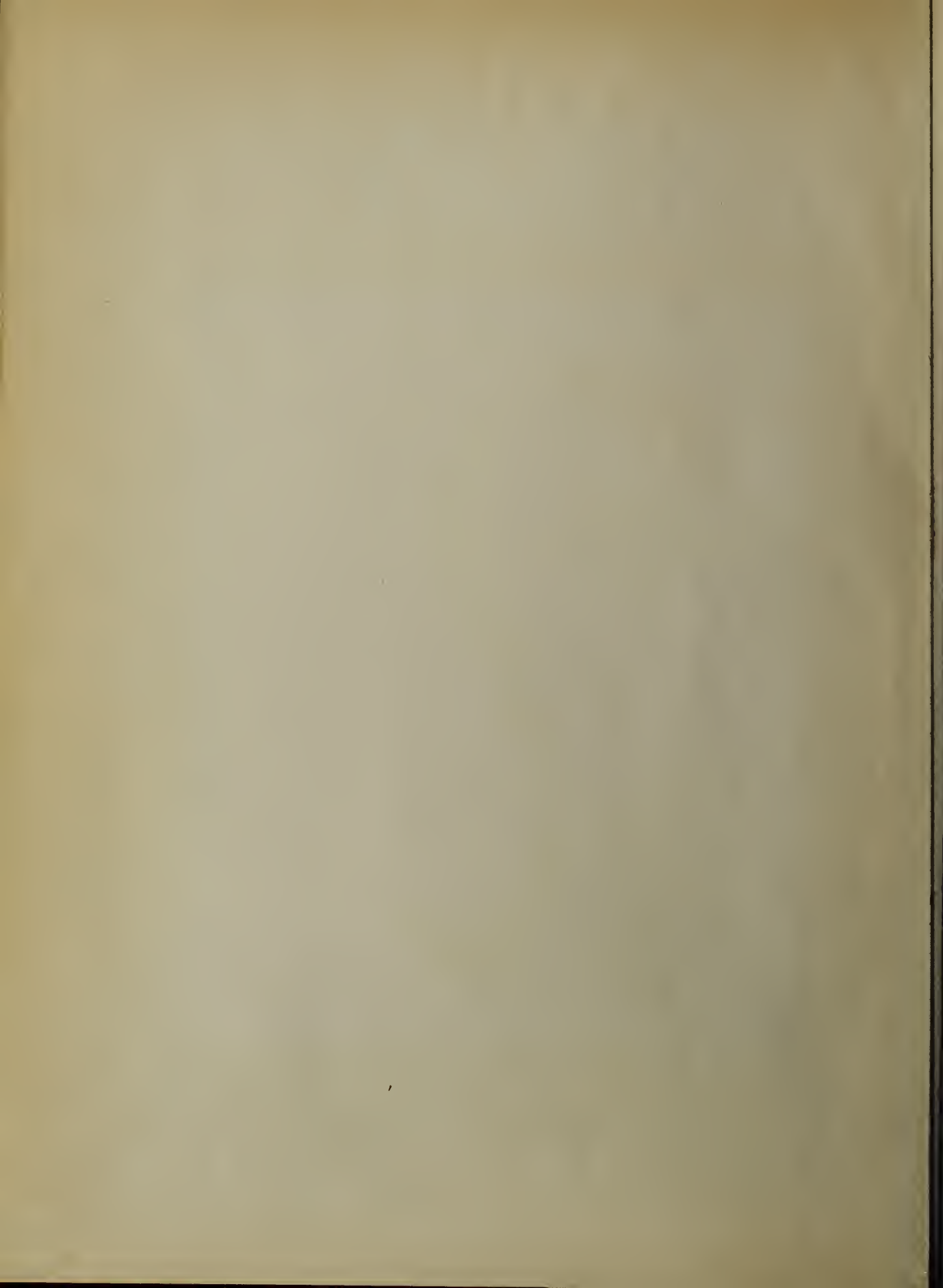
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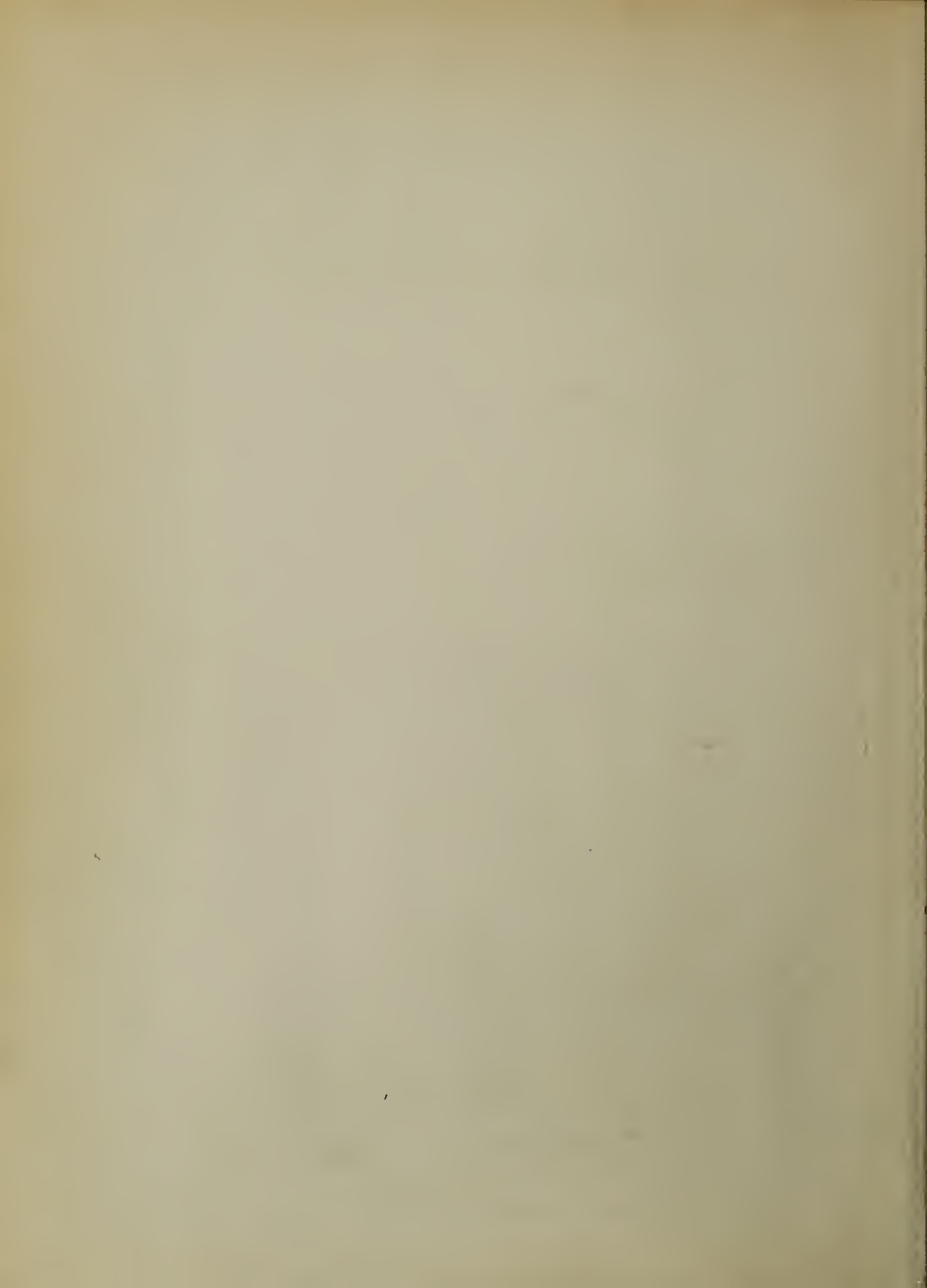
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THE FACTORY

"Today we go to see the factory," said the guide as he held the automobile door open for the tourist. The tourist paused as he descended the steps of the boarding house—a run-down edifice that still managed to give evidence of past baroque elegance—to nod acknowledgment. It was shortly after nine in the morning. The grayness of the sky hung low, as if wishing to wed itself to the grayness of the town. The towers of the factory were visible in the distance—they were, indeed, always visible to the townspeople: they could be seen in the worst weather, and at night were illuminated by floodlights. They rose from the grayness of the town and their tops disappeared into the grayness of the sky: their solid blackness was silhouetted against this eternal grayness: they stood resolutely as monuments to themselves.

The factory lay in the very center of the town. It had been built a long time ago: no one was sure just when: certainly not within the memories of any of the townspeople. The factory was built first, however. That they all agreed unequivocally. It was also accepted that the factory had been built in its present size and that its construction had never been altered. With the completion of the factory the town slowly grew up. All the townspeople worked in the factory: it was their sole end and means of existence.

The tourist had planned to stay in this small European town only one day. He would not have stopped there at all, but for the fact that the bureau in Prague had told him that he would have to wait in this town to change trains. When he saw the town for the first time the night before, he wondered why the train stopped there at all. He had signed up for this guided tour of the town at a large wooden desk in the middle of the station waiting room. As he was signing up for the tour, he had asked the man behind the desk if he had much business. "No," the man had said. "You are our first customer in over a month." "Why, then, do you remain in business here?" the tourist asked.

"How can you exist?" "I am employed by the factory. The guides are also." That was the first the tourist had heard of the factory.

As the automobile approached the factory, the tourist was able to see more and more of the building itself and less and less of the towers. When they reached the square on which the factory stood, he could see the whole of the building, but the towers were completely hidden from view. It was indeed a massive structure. Built of great blocks of granite, it gave, at a fleeting glance, the impression of being a huge stone pile that became a building overnight. Closer inspection disclosed that there must be a definite and wonderful order about it, but that that order just managed to elude comprehension.

The tourist got out of the automobile and started towards the gigantic bronze doors at the apparent front of the factory. The guide caught him by the arm. "We cannot enter by that door. We must enter by another door on the side. Only the President of the factory can enter by that door."

"Who is the President? Have you ever seen him?" the tourist asked him. The guide gave no answer but a look of bewilderment: Never had such a question ever been asked before.

The side door was barely six feet high, and practically hidden behind three large pillars. It led into a long, dimly-lit corridor with which many other corridors connected. The guide led him through various passages into a wide, low-ceilinged room in which were about ten rows of desks. There was a man at each desk industriously working. The tourist saw that each one was copying from a thick volume. As soon as one of them had finished a page, he placed it in a receptacle standing on the floor next to the desk. "At the end of the day, the contents of those receptacles are burned," the guide said. The tourist was surprised by this pronouncement. "Do these men know that?" he asked. "I suppose so. Why shouldn't they?" the guide answered.

The tourist approached one of the copyists. "Do you know what is done with your work?" The man nodded. "Why do you do it then?" continued the tourist. "It accomplishes nothing."

"Why shouldn't I? I am paid by the President to do this. I do it. How could it be my province to pass judgment on what he pays me to do?"

"Who is the President? And what is the purpose of this factory?" The man made no answer to this and turned back to his work. The guide

tapped the tourist on the arm and led him back out into the network of corridors.

"How can you find your way around in this place?" the tourist asked.

"I was shown the interior of this level of the factory soon after I was hired as a guide. My superiors know a little more about it than I do. The workers know only how to reach their place of work. Only the President knows the entire building."

They entered another room, this one much larger. They stood on a cat-walk which sur-



rounded the room and which was about twenty-five feet above the floor. Down below them was an assembly line. The men were at work at the assembly line, building a strange type of machine. It was a wonderful machine when it was completed: extremely intricate, and shiny in its newness. These machines were being made quite rapidly; and, as soon as they were finished, the belt carried them through an opening in the wall.

"What are these machines for?" asked the tourist.

The guide shrugged. "I shall show you where they go."

They went into another room. The machines were still on the conveyor belt. They came from an opening in the wall similar to the one in the previous room. The men working at the assembly line were disassembling the machines just as carefully as the men in the other room had assembled them. "At the end of the day the parts are returned to the first room where they will be used again. They make a different type of machine each day, however; but they always use the same parts and the same apparatus," the guide stated.

When they returned to the corridors, the tourist said that he wanted to be taken to see

the President. The guide told him that such a thing was impossible: he was unable to find the offices. The tourist then said that he himself would find them; he would look, for he had to see the President and find out who he was. He started off, but the guide grabbed him and tried to hold him back. The tourist pushed him away and ran off into the labyrinthine confusion. (The guide fell back against the wall and leaned there for a moment. There was no reason to follow the tourist; since the guide's job was not to discourage people from finding out what they could, but to show them what he himself knew.)

He ran until he was breathless, then slowed down to a walk. All the time he was wandering aimlessly, turning this way and that. After hours of walking he came upon an enormous room. It was semi-dark, as were the corridors. Although he was by this time quite accustomed to the darkness, he could see the opposite wall only because of a thin line of light issuing from beneath a door. The ceiling he could barely discern; it was between sixty and a hundred feet high, he imagined. The floor was hard and slippery: perhaps marble. His footsteps echoed in the unseen vaults above him. He was walking towards the door in the opposite wall. As he

approached it, the room became more light. . . . Soon he was able to see that the door he was nearing was of cast bronze and nearly twenty-five feet high. In it were eight panels on which were indescribably involved bas-relief figures. He looked about him and saw the great tapestries on the walls, the carved marble friezes and the huge interior dome, graced with baroque frescoes. He was the only person in the room.

He was now within twenty feet of the door. The light in the room became brilliant. He stopped. His body was trembling, first in fear, then in an ecstasy he had never before experienced. It was the ecstasy of revelation, and it filled him and made him want to burst. He turned and ran from the room. He now had no trouble with corridors, and was back on the street in five minutes. It was now late afternoon. The guide had left.

Everything had been made wonderfully clear to him. The ecstatic feeling had not left him when he began to cross the street. He never saw the automobile coming; he was too engrossed in his recent revelation. It hit him from behind. He was dead before the automobile had completely passed over his body.

—O. L. JOHNSTON, '51

THE ASSININITY OF AN "A" EFFORT

In this paper, gentlemen, my purpose is to point out the basic flaws in the attitude of those unfortunates who willingly labor harder than they are forced to. My purpose is to show why the man who receives an award for effort above and beyond the call of duty is actually accepting a commemoration of his own foolishness. This statement cries aloud for support, so let us then examine the logical argument discrediting industry.

First we must realize that labor is punishment, the greatest of all punishments. Adam and Eve were, unfortunately for us all, expelled from Paradise. The Lord, in his inestimable wisdom, saw fit to lay one curse upon the human race as chastisement for its original sin, the curse that has brought about the chief divergence between Paradise as we picture it and our present vale of tears, the foulest curse of all time—LABOR. For, without labor, man would pass immediately into eternal Utopia. Without labor Paradise and this world would at last be one.

You may well ask about ambition, greed, war, crime, etc. Is not the human race cursed more by these evils than by "honest" toil? Perhaps, but one must remember that all these evils, in the beginning, sprang from "honest" toil. Ambition, greed, jealousy, and so forth, derived their very existence from material desires, and, I hold, if men were not required to toil for their bread, if material motives were removed from society and gain was rendered useless, evils such as these would fall into disuse as rapidly as they came into use at the dawn of time, for every man could then take his ease and human endeavor with the aforementioned unholy connotations would be profitless. Remove the cause and the effect will soon wither.

Before I go any farther let me qualify some of my original statements. First, by labor, I mean distasteful work, not work that provides pleasure for the worker. I am addressing my remarks to the fool who works excessively hard at a task he does not like, thinking that there is the slightest benefit to be derived from such procedure. Secondly, I do not propose immediate idleness for all, for one has to eat to live. I do propose, however, minimization of the effort entailed in meeting one's inescapable obligations, such as graduating from Andover, going through college, and entering the old man's business.

Let us now relate the theory of labor as punishment, as the unrecognized primary evil, to practical life here at Andover. In school we are bombarded with the "tradition" that the more a man does no matter in what field, the more worthy a person he is. Participate, try, join, try harder, support, try even harder! Hold it! Our course of action is crystal clear. We must resist. We must decide what we like to do and do it. Conversely, we must decide what we don't like to do and do as little of that as possible. We must get B efforts instead of A efforts. We must coast and glide over the rough spots, for only in this way shall we approach the laborless state, in which dollar success distinctions do not exist, in which power lust, greed, aggression, and hard work are of no avail because no one cares, in which the masochistic idea of pain equaling pleasure is at last discarded. Paradise finally will be regained. In conclusion, I must apologize for the scantiness of my constructive arguments, but since copying over this article became distasteful for me, I decided for consistency's sake to cut the paper in half.

—J. BARTLETT, '51

The Duchess Appeals To O'Brion

Pecked a spud who was half-baked and smallish

“You’ve bin seen with a French, browned and
tallish.”

“Quiet, Chip”, boiled the ’tater

“She’s my sweet and I’ll mate her

And on you eye yam mashed not at allish.”

—MARK PIEL, '51

NEW YEAR'S EVE

It hadn't been so bad back at the house. Neil had thought of it then as a good joke, this calling up of a strange girl on New Year's Eve. Well, here he was, on the way up in the elevator, and there was no use worrying about it now. But why did *he*, of all people, have to be the one to win this, this fair damsel of the unknown? Lord, she probably looked like someone's maiden aunt, or else why wouldn't she have a date on this, of all nights. She probably had the personality of a fireplug, too. Ed had had a hell of a time talking her into this date, and Ed could usually talk the receiver off the hook, when he got going. Imagine, demanding forty minutes to get dressed! What was she supposed to be doing, anyway, going to the beauty parlor? Well, he hoped so.

The self-service elevator stopped at seven and Neil got out. Summoned from below, it shut its doors and Neil was left alone. Where was seven C? He sauntered over to the door and paused a moment before ringing. How should he handle this? Should he breeze right in and act as though he had known her for years, or should he be proper and formal, introduce himself and apologize for the last-minute invitation? He was sure that Ed would have known the right thing to do. Damn it; that was the trouble. They all knew the right thing to do, but for the *luvva* Mike, what did they expect from a guy on his first date? Yeah, he should have kept his mouth shut when the other fellows were talking about dates, instead of inventing girls and telling stories about hot times he had never had. He could have been like Lenny. Lenny just sat back and listened when the bull sessions about girls started. They kidded him a little but a little kidding was nothing compared with being here, now. Why Lenny hadn't even bothered to throw the dice like the rest of them for the honor of the company of this blind-date Cleopatra that Neil had so reluctantly won.

He could see them all standing at the corner, waiting for him to present his date for approval before he took her to the movies: Lenny stand-

ing quietly by while Ed cracked jokes to an appreciative audience. Ed had told Neil when he left that if the girl wasn't a complete dog he'd take her away from Neil and have some fun himself. Neil, the bravado boy in person, had dared him to try, but now he'd like nothing better than to change places with Ed. Maybe if he went down there now and spoke to Ed; anything was better than spending New Year's Eve with a strange girl he didn't know how to treat or anything. He told tales of making out like mad with the coldest girls in the city but the thought of actually kissing a girl made him lean against the wall for support. Supposing she expected something like that, supposing she didn't get it and supposing Ed and the boys followed them into the movies and supposing that——. He had to get out of there before she found him in the hall. He'd go down and tell Ed. Ed was a good guy in spite of his kidding, and he could change places with him and Neil could stand on the corner and crack jokes when Ed came by and he'd be safe, safe in his masculine anonymity, but he had to get out of there fast. Oh, Hell no! That was all he had to do. Back out now and the gang would be through with him. Maybe he could find a back exit, sneak out and tell the gang later that he had found the evening much more pleasant in the apartment than at the movies. No, that wasn't any good either. They'd come up to look for him if he didn't come down soon. He calmed himself, there was nothing left to do but go through with it. After all, what was there to be scared of? She wasn't going to bite, and even if Neil did give her a lousy evening, he'd never seen her before and he probably wasn't ever going to see her again. There always has to be a first time.

He pushed the doorbell with a short, quick jab and waited. It was funny, you always thought of the first date as some beautiful, romantic thing where you found the girl you really liked and some fairy godmother did the rest. It was like seeing a beautiful bike in the store window and having Uncle Joe buy it for you on a sudden

impulse. Then, years later, you looked back on it as a landmark of a happy, carefree youth. The girl was always the prettiest in the class and secretly thought you were wonderful. It was like Tom Sawyer, or something, but God, not like this.

He carefully adjusted his tie. Who could tell? Maybe she'd turn out to be some sort of fairy princess anyway, some pearl, overlooked and hidden under some rock in the ocean. He

laughed at his own imagery. You didn't find pearls that way. You opened enough oysters until one of them finally contained the pearl. Well, here was his first oyster and from the sound of footsteps he guessed something was inside. Well pebble or pearl, come on out and let's have a look at you. He laughed again as the handle clicked and the door of his oyster swung open.

—ROBERT BACHNER, '51



AHEM SMITH

SUBWAY

Taking a last breath of fresh air, you read the sign, "Subway To All Points", and quickly descend the steps. You have left the fresh air and blue skies of the fine summer day and have entered the maze of filthy underground passages. You drop your dime into a box and pass through the turnstile.

You're in. You're down below the surface of the earth. You take a look around. Various characters are walking aimlessly about. Men slobber over the benches, trying to sleep off last night's hangovers. Over against the wall a legless man is propped up. He probably came down to keep out of the rain and doesn't know the storm has passed. Decrepit old people with shabby clothes, wander in and out. There's some old guy collecting cigarette butts.

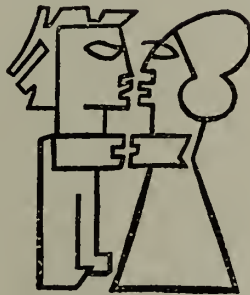
Then the car pulls in. You, along with hundreds of other creatures, make a rush for the nearest door. The jaws pull apart. A few sweating bodies force their way out. Then comes the rush for the empty seats, if any. You're inside now. The stench of liquor and various other

forms of displeasing breath filter through your nostrils. An old man gets up to offer a lady his seat. There is some decency in this hole. You grasp the greasy bar next to you, but quickly pull your hand away. Some rodent has deposited his gum there. The air gets worse, and you begin to feel particles of dust caking up in your throat. You begin to sweat and cough. You realize that you're a part of this awful stench.

You go on and on; through the slums and through the richer sections. But it's all the same under the earth. Every once in a while the car makes a stop. You look through the open window and see the greyish walls, that once were gleaming white, pasted with cheap signs and advertisements. You seem to see the same bunch of faces at every station.

Finally, it's your turn to get off. You push and shove and eventually find yourself tramping up a flight of stairs. There in front of you is the bright sun and clear blue sky.

—JOHN F. STOCKWELL, '52



OEDIPUS REX: AN ANALYSIS

Irony is one of the most widely used devices in Greek tragedy. In fact, it may be said to be of the essence of all tragic drama. Certainly the fact is embodied no better than in the "*Oedipus Rex*" of Sophocles. This Athenian masterpiece is the very incarnation of irony; it breathes it, not only in its many ironies of speech, but in the whole span of the vicissitudes of Oedipus. We watch in fascinated horror as Oedipus searches relentlessly for the murderer of Laius, completely unaware that he is the very man upon whom his own terrible anathema has fallen. Through his own sedulous efforts, he brings about the excruciating revelation of the fabric of his own doom.

ating revelation of the fabric of his own doom.

Oedipus is painted by Sophocles in all the classic trappings of a tragic hero. He is a great man, King of Thebes, and a powerful personage in the Grecian world. He has honor, pride, and dignity, and feels deeply the suffering of his people. There is no indication of malevolence or depravity in his personality, and yet, neither is he of superlative character. Rather, he is but a human being, susceptible to human frailties and vagaries.

What, then, is his downfall? It is here that the character of Oedipus digresses somewhat from the traditional definition of a tragic hero. Among Aristotle's prerequisites for a tragic hero* is that his downfall must be due to a flaw in the character of the man. This need not be an egregious failing, nor does it indicate an iniquitous personality. It is, rather, a flaw, within himself (the *hamartia* of the Greeks) which weakens his character so that he is prone to external forces or temptations. Oedipus has no such weakness; his greatest failing is his blind impetuosity of impulse and the quick anger which this arouses in him. Witness his impetuous anger toward Teiresias and the shepherd, and his quickness in damning Creon.

Nor is Oedipus' *hybris*, that mortal arrogance which brings down the wrath of the Gods upon

the head of the offender, the cause of his downfall. Granted Oedipus is at times extremely haughty and overbearing. Witness his vilification of Teiresias. His accusation that the seer is lying and that he is a tool of the evil machinations of Creon, is gross *hybris*. Teiresias is an omniscient prophet, close to the Gods, and to accuse him of prevarication and implicate him in a mortal's mundane plot, must anger the Gods greatly.

Despite this, however, neither *hybris* nor impetuosity can ever alter the fate of Oedipus, for his doom is predestined. We are led to believe that there is a curse on the line of Cadmus, and that Oedipus must suffer for the sins of Laius, his father. The pythian Apollo's oracle at Delphi has prophesied that he is doomed to shed his father's blood and to live with his mother in "unimagined shame." We find that Laius had left the newly-born Oedipus on the slopes of Mount Cithaeron to die, but he was saved by a shepherd and brought to the childless house of King Polybus of Corinth, there to be reared as a Corinthian prince and heir-apparent. However, Oedipus learns of the prophecies and leaves Corinth in an effort to outwit the oracle.

It is here that appears the first of the ironic tragedies that befall the luckless Oedipus. He encounters his father at a crossroads and kills him in a dispute, unaware of his victim's identity. He continues on to Thebes, but finds the seven great gates of the city closed; an evil, riddling Sphinx, half man and half lion, is beseiging the city. According to the myth, Oedipus solves the Sphinx's riddle, whereupon it kills itself, and the hero enters the city and becomes King. The second of the prophecies becomes fact when Oedipus marries Laius' widow Iocastê his own mother, and has by her four children. That Oedipus does not soon learn of the identity of his wayfaring victim strikes the reader as being somewhat incredible, but this was not so to the Greeks who watched the play performed in the arena. It might be supposed that Aristotle's element of *opsis** successfully masked this fail-

* As set forth in the "*Poetics*", chapter 13.

ing. Certainly the play was written to be acted rather than read, and if it were not noticed in the performance, it did not detract from the merits of the drama.

Having based his play on the above mythical base, Sophocles opens it with the city in misery, beset by plague. The Delpic oracle says that the blight is the *Nemesis* that the avenging Furies have set upon them, and that it will not be lifted until the murderer of Laius is found. Oedipus curses the murderer and swears to seek him out, saying, with awful irony: "I say I take the son's part, just as though I were his son, to press the fight for him and see it won." Thereupon, he begins to bring his inevitable doom down upon himself.

Perhaps his *hybris* in the scene with Teiresias angers the Gods into taking revenge for the seer, stung by Oedipus' words, speaks his secret. Oedipus is shocked, and the seeds of doubt are sown. "Stop, who were my parents?", he says. However, he refuses to believe the prophet's words.

Oedipus impetuously accuses Creon of plotting to take his throne, which the latter vociferously denies, thus precipitating a violent quarrel. The manner in which Iocastê intercedes and stops the quarrel strikes me as having a shade of ironic maternalism in it. "Come into the house," she commands, and Oedipus obeys. Perhaps, however, I am reading into the scene a significance that Sophocles never intended.

Oedipus elicits from Iocastê the facts of Laius' death, and a "shadowy memory crosses (his) mind". "Ah, what net has God been weaving for me?" he says, as the realization that he may be the killer of Laius dawns on him. It still has not struck him that he may be the son of Laius as well, but he determines to learn still more shocking facts. The action begins to move faster toward its tragic dénouement. A messenger from Corinth arrives and precipitates a mockingly ironic scene, which brings the first ray of truth to the eyes of Oedipus. He bears news that should

disprove the oracle and exonerate Oedipus, but instead reveals that the hero is no blood kin to Polybus and Meropê. With this, Iocastê sees all and tries to deter Oedipus, but he pertinaciously seeks further, thinking that she is afraid to find him of low birth. "Suppose my mother a slave, and born of slaves: no baseness can touch you," he says to her. At this point, the audience must feel like screaming, "Oedipus, you fool, *she's* your mother."

It remains only for Oedipus to wring the truth from the shepherd, which he does with great deliberation. Then does he see the revelation, the magnorisis is before him. "Ah God, it was true. All the prophecies! . . . Oedipus, damned in his birth, in his marriage damned, damned in the blood he shed with his own hand!" He rushes into the palace, finds Iocastê hanging dead, and in a frenzy of shame and masochism, gouges out his eyes with her brooches until "the blood splattered his beard, bursting from his ruined sockets like red hail." In an instant, he is reduced from the proud glory of a king to the nadir of a blind, stumbling, disgraced pariah.

But did he have to atone for his incest and parricide by such cruel, self-inflicted torture? Under Greek 'law,' he had to: though his sins were committed unconsciously, and he had no power to control his fate, he is guilty all the same. He is disgraced and debauched in the eyes of all: Teiresias scorned him because he knew; even Iocastê does the same when she discovers. Witness her cruel words: "Ah, miserable! That is the only word I have for you now. That is the only word I can ever have."

He expiates his sin, not by killing himself, but by torturing himself. He continues to live to face his *Nemesis*, *id est*, the further punishment of the Gods. The play ends with a credo of despair: ". . . let none presume upon his good fortune until he finds Life, at his death, a memory without pain."

—EDWARD OLMSTEAD, '51

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Old Joshua was working in his garden patch, continuing a long-established Sunday custom. Puttering about with a hoe in his hand was a pastime well suited to the old man's simple, credulous soul. But the sun was high in the sky now, playtime was over, and it was the hour for his dinner.

It was then that Joshua saw the cloud of dust down the road. He straightened up and watched it approach, thinking it might be a travelling preacher, or, perhaps, the circus that was rumored to be touring in the vicinity. Instead, Joshua described, as the source of all the dust, a tall, burly man on a dusky mare. An immense red beard flamed from the heavy chin of the mare's imposing rider.

"Now, by the Good Lord," thought Joshua, "Who can this be riding my way so early in the afternoon?"

Before he had time to try to answer his own question, a pungent odor of dust crept into his nostrils. The rider had drawn up by the gate; he was peering down at Joshua, while his huge hands played idly with the dusky mare's mane.

Red Beard's voice boomed out. "Stop for lunch?"

"What's that," stuttered Joshua, who couldn't keep his eyes off the big man's extraordinarily bony fingers.

"I said, may I stop for lunch here?" Joshua recoiled from the blast.

"I guess so," he shouted back. "What's your name?"

"Here, give me a hand with the horse," shouted Red Beard, disregarding Joshua's question. He swung a leg as big as a pillar over the saddle and dismounted carelessly. Joshua tied the reins to a fence post, and led the way up the path to his cottage. Then, suddenly, he stopped.

"Please, if you don't mind, you haven't told me your name."

The bearded giant's eyes twinkled as he stood towering over Joshua. "I'm surprised at you, my friend," he said gravely. "I thought all God's

children knew me." Then, majestically, with a tug at his beard, "I . . . I . . . am your Lord's lieutenant, the Archangel Gabriell!"

Not a second later Joshua was down on his knees in the dust.

"No, no my son, not on your knees." Red Beard's blasts seemed almost gentle. "God has sent me because He knows that the owner of this fine dwelling, uh . . . uh . . .

"Joshua," whispered Joshua, from a crouching position.

" . . . that Joshua, the owner of this cottage, is a righteous, God-fearing man, who would never dare to traffic with the Devil, as some of his neighbors do." Red Beard's eyes twinkled again as he watched the man before him grovel.

"No . . . never . . ." croaked Joshua.

Red Beard grinned. "If you feel about your God as He thinks you do, Joshua, you might show his Archangel a little hospitality."

Trembling in every limb, Joshua got up, opened the cottage door, and showed the way inside. It was one of the better hovels. The dim light showed a rickety table in the center of the room, laden with the luncheon meal.

"Aren't you going to get the Archangel Gabriel a chair so he can take advantage of your Christian hospitality?" the bearded man suggested.

Joshua quickly dragged a chair to the table, and stood beside it shuddering, watching fearfully as Red Beard seated himself and began to eat. "I hope you're pleased with my poor diet, Archangel," he managed to utter.

"Now, my son, don't you know that God and his Angels love best the humblest of their servants, and that they design, therefore, to honor them the most? Even if this is a bit . . . er . . . crude, Gabriel loves you none the less."

Joshua couldn't help but notice, though, that the reverend Archangel was enjoying the meal immensely. He seemed to be busy enough cramming the bread and cheese into his mouth; it was hopeless to try to keep it out of his voluminous beard. Even though Joshua's feet were

growing tired, he decided to avoid ruining a good impression, and he kept standing. He did want to ask a question, though.

"Archangel Gabriel," he stammered, "When God made the world, how did"

The man at the table looked alarmed and got up. "Wait just a minute," he boomed. "Brother Joshua, tell the Archangel what that evil-looking monstrosity is, over there in the corner!"

"What can the reverend Archangel find wrong with the silver cup I won at last year's fair?" thought bewildered Joshua out loud.

Red Beard's voice rang in Joshua's ears. "What's wrong! Why, I thought that here, in the hut of God's humblest servant, I should find a model of true Christianity. And what do I see, but the Devil's own handiwork, and in a place of honor, too! You miserable sinner, you have

sold your soul to him who will destroy you! Down, wretch, down on your knees, and pray to your Archangel for mercy!"

On the floor Joshua lay stretched out, quivering, in an attitude of supplication. The bearded giant cried "Wretch!" once more. Then, diabolically, he grinned, and kicked the old man's prostrate form, strategically, just behind the ear. His eyes twinkled for the third time that afternoon.

Red Beard finished what was left of Joshua's food. As he rose from the table, he sighed twice, looking at the insensible body on the floor, and stepped out the door to where the mare was waiting. He paused only long enough to snatch the silver cup and put it in his pocket.

—STEPHEN CHARNAS, '52



Chapel Lights and Main Street



OBITUARY

Pulled headlong from my peaceful sleep,
Awakened to the waking earth,
I rose to light from darkness deep
To face the hour of my birth.

From slumber undisturbed by dreams,
I came, at some compelling call,
To find a struggling world that seems
A nightmare life of rise and fall.

I slowly grew into a way
Of living, easy to assume.
It never varied, day to day,
The cluttered desk, the bare-walled room.

These people passed within my sight;
They stayed a moment, then went on:
A boy of weakness, a man of might,
A woman of sadness, a girl of song.

Life's pleasures always seemed too short,
Its pain and anguish had no end,
One's deepest dream a thing of sport,
A moment's joke for a jesting friend.

In such a way I spent my years,
In endless battle, without a sword.
One day's immunity from fears
Was given me, my sole reward.

At last a message came to me,
The long-sought notice of release.
My epitaph were best to be,
"He lived and died," now 'Rest in peace.' "

—ROBERT L. BACHNER, '51

CUNNING PAST MAN'S THOUGHT

Shakespeare's clever, artful characterization of Cleopatra in his play, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, is one of the best portrayals of a woman that I have ever read. To be sure, he had a prodigious amount of material to work with, for Cleopatra's personality, impetuous nature, and physical attributes—paralleled only perhaps by Helen of Troy—were notorious centuries before Shakespeare's day. Nevertheless, it is my point that he takes her unique life story and enhances it with artistic genius as no other person could have done.

This taking life and making art out of it is true artistic creation. Specifically, I refer to only two speeches in Act I of the play, which I think will be more than sufficient to point up what I am driving at.

In Scene III Cleopatra, in the course of a conversation with her attendant, Charmian, concerning Anthony, tells her:

" . . . If you find him sad, say I am dancing; if in mirth, report that I am sudden sick . . ."

Here immediately one sees what Anthony meant when he described her as "cunning past man's thought." What an extremely well contrived insight those few lines are into her character, her utterly bewitching and delicious nature; however, before I move on into the significance of them, let us look at the next few lines of that scene. Cleopatra asks Charmian what she should do that she isn't doing in regards to Anthony, whereupon Charmian answers:

"In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing." Cleopatra snaps:

"Thou teachest like a fool. The way to lose him!"

Any idiot can see that Cleopatra, in the above mentioned lines, is "playing hard to get"; but do they realize why? Basically, it's the old story of a woman who is middle-aged and is terrified at the prospects of being robbed of the countless things that make up and provoke passion and desire. The Egyptian queen uneasily realizes that she must use every womanly device and snare known since Eve to keep Anthony's love for her from cooling. Besides the obvious axiom that men seek only those women who are not easily attainable, Cleopatra employs a far more skillful, adroit technique. It is based on the principle that pity, although sometimes linked with contempt, often times serves as a strong clutching of the heart of a lover who is straying out of a woman's grasp. The tragic irony of the play is that it is this method which Cleopatra uses to keep from losing Anthony that destroys them both. It was a trickery at once simple and complex, subtle and obvious, but too clever to succeed. But even Cleopatra's destruction by her own hand is so wonderful as to almost inspire a longing in us to die as majestically, as sublimely as she did. Certainly I can think of no other final word, as one approaches death, so splendidly expressed as:

"Give me my robe, put on my crown. I have immortal longings in me."

She adds such a memorable glitter to her death that we are not appalled but rather almost charmed by it. But here I find myself summing up her life according to Shakespeare which has been more than adequately phrased by Spencer as "an addition to nature, like rouge."

—ROBERT F. THOMPSON, JR., '51



THE RIDE

I got into the bus, paid my fare, and took a seat just outside that circle of people who talk with the driver during the trip and not quite in with the paper-readers. It was a cold morning. I could tell from the way the driver shivered when he opened the door. As each of the regular passengers boarded the bus, the customary meaningless greeting was exchanged, the fare deposited, and the new traveller stumbled down the narrow aisle, swinging into an empty seat as the bus jerked to a start.

Most of the riders were mill-workers to whom this ride each morning was neither drudgery nor pleasure, but a process repeated each day until it had lost all meaning. The elders made their way to the back of the bus, where they sat in silence. Conversation had no attraction for them, and their eyes were filled with vacancy. Although each had different physical makeups, I sensed a certain resemblance between each careworn face. Years of toil and monotony had so frozen their expressions that no semblance of originality remained. It was as though despair and boredom had left its mark on every brow. I shuddered at the thought, and quickly dismissed it from my mind.

My gaze then wandered to those sitting about me, slightly younger than the group behind. Some were gazing aimlessly out the windows, while others talked quietly, as though afraid to disturb someone. But for the most part silence prevailed here too. One fellow, tall and gaunt, who sat opposite me stared vaguely at his hands. Then, as I watched, his gaze became more intent, and he seemed to be studying every line on those rough, pale hands. I was awed by the fierceness of his look. Suddenly, as if aware of my scrutiny, he turned towards me, and when I saw his countenance, I realized the mental struggle he was undergoing. The look vanished quickly, the body slouched again, as though admitting defeat. He sighed, picked up his lunch-box, and for some reason went back a few seats to the rear. I think I know why now.

Although I had not noticed it previously, the

bus was unbearably stuffy. I longed for a breath of air. Shortly afterwards my wish was fulfilled when the bus pulled up at a lifeless intersection, lifeless, except for the group of young people who boarded the bus and took seats at the front. Among them talking went on continuously, breaking the sober silence. Petty affairs, yesterday's argument, or today's dress were the subjects. There was something fresh about this group, something that cleaned the air. Even the bus driver, who had been quiet up till now, inserted an occasional humorous remark.

Here there was something. Here things had a purpose. My spirits lifted, the ride took on meaning, its boredom ceased. Then over the laughter a hollow buzz sounded, hollow and meaningless, except to the driver, who began to slow down. With the roar of the motor silent, the conversation lagged as though afraid to continue by itself. Slowly a figure shuffled up the aisle, a stooped little man. For such a little man he cast a weird shadow over the people, a shadow like that of a cloud. As he neared the front, first one, then another lapsed into silence. The driver waited, staring into the mirror. Then his hand stretched out, the door opened slowly as he turned the handle, and the little man got off, disappearing into the crowd milling about the factory entrance. The door hissed shut, the motor picked up speed, but no one tried to pick up the broken conversation. Somehow it had been smashed by the little, stooped man. No smiles, nothing remained.

Suddenly I realized what this was, what this terrible scene meant. I wanted to yell at them, to warn them of the pit, to show them the example of those . . . in the back. I wanted to pull them off the bus, to save them, to keep them alive. But I was powerless. Then as I neared my stop, I knew that they could only save themselves.

As I got off, a sickening wave of gas from the bus enveloped me, but as the vehicle disappeared down the street, I felt a crisp, fresh breeze hit my face.

—JOHN RATTE, '53

HARVEST

Like a cheerful child among the gloomy old
The sun, while birds were yet asleep, essay'd
To pierce the darkened sky and leave his load
Of heat on strands of cut and parted hay.
The farmers with their scythes the yesterday
Had proudly broken backs of yellow beams
Which from the steady strokes had vainly sway'd.
And while contented men of wealth did dream
God stirred His hand in clouds and earthwards
water stream'd.

—MARK PIEL, '51



RAITE
•

Vacuity No. 1

Verily, I say to you,
My heart is sad
Because my cake cannot be had
And eaten too.

—JOHN M. GOODNOW, '51

Justifiable Homicide

When counting days until vacation
One may feel a strong temptation,
An urge to choke that little worm
Who's looking forward to next term;
Who chortles even as you pack
"Just twenty days 'till we get back.'"

—STEPHEN BOOTH '51

The Woodpecker Who Was Pileated

Once upon a time there were three pileated woodpeckers — a mother pileated woodpecker, a father pileated woodpecker, and a little adolescent named Bill (almost a pileated woodpecker). Bill went to school in an old tree stump, that was taught by an elderly heron with red toenails. None of his classmates liked Bill very much because he was always pecking his nose into other people's business, and he was a little sour, so they used to call him a little pill. But Bill never caught on, and he would say no, that he wasn't a little pill; he was a little pileated woodpecker. Then they would all say, O.K., then you're a little pileated. Bill got a little frustrated because he didn't know what pileated meant, and so couldn't figure out if he was being complimented or insulted, which was very trying.

So he went to see a wise old owl of his acquaintance, who was a linguist and psychoanalyst of some note. Bill spat out a piece of chewing-gum so he could talk to the owl better, who was a little hard of hearing. The owl told Bill he was the spitting image of his father, and went off into hoots of laughter. But Bill, who was in

no mood for a joke, replied that he felt more like a dead winger, and that he wanted to know what *pileated* meant. The owl said there was no such word, and this added to Bill's inferiority complex, because if there wasn't any such word as *pileated*, and he himself *was* pileated, there was no telling what he was. So he flew down to the National Wildlife Service in Washington to find out.

When he got home, he found three oval, egg-shaped things in his nest. He asked his mother what they were going to have for supper, and before she could reply, he asked what those queer things were. She said they were eggs, and that they were very valuable, and that if he hurt them, she would scramble him. But Bill, who had a feather in his ear, thought she said they were going to have scrambled eggs for supper. So he scrambled them to surprise her. And when she found out about it, she got so mad that she made hash out of him.

MORAL: People make hash out of each other with very little egging on.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, '52



Newspaper Headline

"New York, November 6, 1950 A. D.

"Atomic Scientist Warns of Doom of Human Race. Asks Experimenting Stop. 'End of Civilization Immient' says Professor Who Aided Development of A-Bomb."

CONFESSION

I have just committed the most serious crime ever perpetrated against mankind. As a direct result of my efforts, a weapon, undoubtedly the most devastating destructive mechanism ever evolved was unleashed today against the enemies of this government. What I saw today on that battlefield has put fear into my heart, a fear that I or my family may someday fall victim to the omnipotent monstrosity that I have created, and worse, a fear of God's wrath at the misguided earthling who has today set in motion the destruction of His universe.

I began the experimentation which produced this great instrument of destruction in a sincere desire to invent another modern convenience to help man in his day to day existence. I was too successful. The first test proved to me the danger of my discovery. I had in one horrible instrument the power to kill any number of men at an unbelievable distance and almost instantaneously; my invention could easily be mass produced from cheap materials by any nation and it could be operated by any man; it had great power, but its use required less physical exertion than any of the other weapons of this modern age. I resolved never to allow its existence to become known. I hid the deadly apparatus and tried to forget it. I had almost succeeded when crisis struck our country. War with our traditional enemy seemed inevitable. The impending war, the same war which the child of my intellect has just brought to such an abrupt close, seemed

a lost cause. In spite of innumerable solemn claims of peaceful intent, the enemy had painstakingly built up the most modern and deadly military force ever assembled. With our unimpressive numbers and outdated weapons, we prepared to make a desperate, though futile, attempt to stop the super-army of the enemy.

As it became more and more certain the war was inevitable, and sure defeat imminent, the proddings of my conscience grew unbearable. I could not withhold the only means to victory while my countrymen were about to be butchered. And so I decided to reveal my invention!

The desperate military snapped at the new weapon. It was branded top secret. All of us who worked on "Operation Slaughter" were carefully checked for loyalty, watched constantly, and strictly guarded. We worked feverishly to mass produce my invention, that invention which has saved a nation but doomed the world. I was ever dubious about the outcome of the project. When I voiced my misgivings, the brass-encased advocates of belligerent peace soothed me with some sample of sound modern logic. Their arguments always boiled down to something like this: "It is our duty to introduce this new weapon. It will be used universally and will kill a generous part of the population on both sides; thus, by example, it will teach everlasting peace and brotherly love to the survivors.

Today I saw the result of this philosophy. I watched the enemy force march over that hill,

seeking confidence in the nobility of their barbaric cause and in their ability to trample down anything in the way of their might. I saw the most feared army in history collapsed before a weapon that appeared to be no more ominous than a straw in the wind.

The people are happy now. They call me "Hero" and "Savior." Already the men of business are thinking of the commercial value of my invention; they begin to buy and sell Death almost before they are out of his shadow. When I went before them a few minutes ago to plead with them to destroy and forget the mechanical assassin over which they are so pitifully exultant, they heard, but they would not listen. I explained that although they had been lucky enough to benefit from its use this time, they could not expect to remain thus blessed. However, their malicious joy in contemplation of our overthrown and terrorized enemy, did not allow them to be swayed from their greedy ambitions. My countrymen can not see that, as they plan further victories and conquests, they are also

laying the groundwork for their own ultimate destruction. They can not see that they are attempting to domesticate an untameable force, and that their mechanical ally will soon become their maniacal destroyer.

As I returned from pleading with them at the capitol, I heard men talking. Their minds played with the toy of Satan with childish delight. They already know more about it than I do. They handle their executioner familiarly, but gently, caressingly, as if it were their dearest and most trusted friend. They even have a name for this most deadly of all weapons — they call it "Bow and Arrow".

I am unable to live on the same earth with my instrument of death; I cannot bear to watch its inevitable destruction of the human race. I pray God that I may be forgiven this greatest of all crimes and also for my inability to suffer its earthly penalties.

—STEPHEN BOOTH, '51

November 6, 950—B. C.



JOLLY TOWN

During the course of a cross-country trip, I stopped off at Chicago for four days to visit my brother. It was in the middle of winter, cold and icy, and I was in a hurry to get to California, particularly as I was forced to carry on my person some important business papers. At breakfast on the second day, my brother was abnormally kind and attentive, and after the meal took me aside. After many hesitations, he revealed that he had to go to Columbus the next day, and he wanted me to meet his brother-in-law when the brother-in-law came to Chicago the day he was away. I was to see to it that the brother-in-law changed stations and made his connection. "He's really a very nice fellow," my brother insisted.

"What does he do?" I demanded.

"Oh, I don't know. I guess he's a zoologist . . ." my brother mumbled as he went out the door.

In the next few hours my uneasiness at my brother's remark increased as I discovered that not only the brother-in-law was coming, but in addition his wife and four children ranging from three to seven years of age. Before my brother left, I obtained some information about Chicago, with doubtful and apprehensive feelings. I went to bed that night making myself think that these people might be pretty decent after all.

The following morning I was greeted with a telegram when I arose. "Will arrive on 10:30 from Detroit, N.Y.C." The telegram was a masterpiece of ambiguity, as I had no way of telling whether the train arrived at 10:30 or left Detroit at 10:30. However, I refused to be upset, and was calmly leaving the house for the La Salle St. Station where I expected his New York Central train to come in, when another telegram arrived. "Dog arriving Central Station." Taking a cab to the Central Station, I discovered that the dog, which had come in the night before from a friend in New Orleans, had been transferred to the La Salle St. Station to meet its master on the New York Central. Hurrying out of the Central Station, I made my way to a taxi, which skidded on an icy street and collided with a bus just as I discovered that I had left my scarf

in the Central Station. Maneuvering around doctors and police, I got to another cab, and arrived at the La Salle St. Station at 11:00. The dog, which had bitten the hand of a baggage attendant, had been removed to the Dog Pound. I discovered that along with the dog was a pet racoon, in another box. As I inquired about trains, the racoon, whose box I clutched under my arm, started eating my coat. To my consternation I found out that the Detroit trains came in at the Central Station. Grabbing another cab, I hastened back to the Central Station, and discovered upon my arrival there that I had left the racoon in the cab.

While attempting to relocate my scarf, I noticed that there seemed to be something wrong in the arched waiting room. Soon I saw that a monkey was climbing up and down the pillars. As I was heading toward the information desk, the monkey leaped down near me, and I saw that he had my scarf in his mouth. Jumping after him, I grabbed his tail and yanked my scarf out of his mouth; but before I had possession of it for a minute, I was tripped onto the floor.

Two small children of about five and six were jumping on me.

"Your mean to our monkey," they shouted. Grabbing the hole made in my coat by the racoon, they ripped it apart. An indignant mother swept up in a moment and helped me to separate myself from them.

"I'm awfully sorry," said a large, kindly-looking man who had come up, and whom I recognized as the brother-in-law. "Spirited children."

"Is it th—their monkey?" I stammered, gathering myself from the floor.

"Yes."

"I think I was supposed to meet you."

"Oh, you're——"

"Yes. The dog is in the Pound and the racoon is in a taxi."

"In a what?" shouted the man, starting forward and suddenly losing his gentleness. "That

raccoon's valuable! What have you done with him?"

"We'll get him back, we'll get him back," I promised. "Let's get the monkey."

An hour later, the brother-in-law had paid the fine at the Pound for the dog, and he, his wife, the four children, the dog, the monkey and myself were all in a cab for the Union Station to get the other train. I was attempting to mend my coat with safety pins.

"Jolly town," said the brother-in-law, making a tremendous effort not to curse me for losing his racoon.

The children were now jumping on my feet, and the wife made little attempt to restrain them, fearing that if she did, they would jump on hers.

We arrived at the Union Station, and I took refuge in the nearest drug store. My peace did not last long. The wife suddenly dashed in and screamed at me, "Ricky is locked in one of those ten cent places!" I didn't know what she was talking about, and felt very belligerent, but a moment later I was dragged into the main part of the station. Crowds had gathered near one of the sections of 10c lockers. The other three children besides "Ricky" were running up and down. On seeing me, they besieged me, and screamed in my ear. A man with an acetylene torch came. I discovered that "Ricky" had gotten himself locked up in a locker along with the baggage, and that the wife had meanwhile lost the key.

"That's him!" a voice shouted triumphantly, and I was engulfed by police and dragged away. I soon found out that the racoon had broken loose in the cab and mauled the driver, who was now in the hospital swearing my death. I was

taken to the hospital, and in a minute the brother-in-law stormed in. He had followed me in a cab. "Where's the racoon?" he shouted, banging his fist on a desk.

"Where's your wife?" I demanded.

"She left her hat and gloves at the Central Station."

Jerking away from an officer, I rushed out the door and grabbed a cab. It was three o'clock as I ran into the Central Station and found the wife. "When's your train?" I lashed at her.

"Four o'clock," she said.

Locating her hat and gloves, I got her into a cab, and at the Union Station got her, the children, the dog and the monkey, onto their train. Hurrying to the hospital, I surrendered myself to the police.

"Where's the racoon?" the brother-in-law was still yelling. With the police holding me in close custody, we all went in the police car to the Pound, where the authorities had put the racoon. The brother-in-law, clutching the racoon and scowling at me, was finally put on his train at the Union Station along with his family.

After I was released from the police station an hour later, I stumbled into my brother's house and heaved a sigh of relief as I flung myself onto a "love-seat" sofa. It gave way under me, divided into two parts, and dumped me onto the floor, my head hitting the steel base of a floor lamp.

"Ha, ha," shouted my brother, jumping out from behind a curtain. "Funny, isn't it?" My tongue could find no answer. Indeed, only the faintly reassuring realization that all things are transitory saved me from a thorough seizure of insanity as I lay there, writhing on the floor.

—JOHN HARRIS WILLSON, '52

JUST A LITTLE BET

The words from the radio rang dully in the ears of the man slumped back in his desk chair. Barney Kane's glazed eyes stared fixedly ahead, while his lips moved soundlessly. "Silver Dollar lost, LOST!" These words echoed inside Kane's head; slowly, he leaned forward and slumped on the desk, burying his head in his arms. He hammered at the desk in a futile tattoo, then subsided. Fifteen minutes later, he slowly raised his head, then wearily got up to shuffle around the room, covering his typewriter and turning off lights. Hatless, he left the building and walked to his car. Before getting in, he turned to see the words "Daily Mirror" inscribed above the building's revolving doors. He bent to spit out the bitter taste in his mouth, but couldn't get rid of it. He then drove home. On the way, a little voice beside him jabbered incessantly.:

"Well, this *is* great! You, Barney Kane, write about the horses every day, but still don't have the sense to keep away from long shots. So you've lost — for the last time, I bet. Cohen and his boys'll get you, and if they don't, the bookies will. You're all set, boy, just great!"

Kane slammed the car into the turn in his lane and gunned it up the hill. He heard cinders rattling against the fenders, and flying out behind the car; then he was at the house, and savagely kicked the brake down. He sat in the car a moment, fixing his hair and straightening his tie, forcing himself to grin. He got out, walked up the porch steps, and opened the door. Kay, his wife, ran to meet him, with the kids clattering behind her.

"Quick, you're late for supper," she said with mock severity, but then smiling.

The children screeched and tugged at his trousers as he walked into the dining room.

"Daddy, did you bring us anything? Toys, candy, huh, Daddy? Please!"

"Nope, sorry," he said smiling with his mouth. "Nothing to-day, chickens."

At dinner, Kane forced himself to be smiling and witty. He listened to all the gossip, all the childish prattling, without letting the frozen

smile leave his face. He told all about his day at the office. That is, all but one thing. After dinner, he told his family, "I'm going to bed, if you don't mind. It was really a tough day. I had a big article to write."

He went upstairs and undressed. When he had put on his pajamas, he lay in bed, staring at the ceiling. Kay tiptoed into the room and whispered, "Are you all right?"

"Sure, sure, don't worry. I'm just tired, that's all." She went away.

For perhaps two hours he lay there, his mind a tortured, gray whirlpool, swimming with vague, unreal, ominous presences. Kay came in and went to bed, thinking he was asleep. At about eleven o'clock, his thoughts became frenzied. That little voice . . . !

"Cohen'll get you! Where's the money coming from? Twelve thousand dollars! You know what Cohen's boys do to people? There's a river running through town. You owe the books plenty, too. Maybe they'll get to you before Cohen does. Where are you going to get the money? Where? Money — money — money — !"

"Oh, God!" he moaned. "God, please help me! Tell me what to do, right now. Please!" he prayed, pushing his face into the pillow, hot tears soaking into the cloth he was biting. There was no answer. He lay deathly still, his whole body rigid, tensed, afraid even to breathe. Still no answer. He lay there for an eternity, waiting, hoping. But no answer came. Finally, he relaxed and sobbed into the pillow. Somehow, he fell asleep.

A little later Kane awoke. Moonlight was drifting in through the window, shining on his face. He arose, put on his slippers, and walked downstairs. Because the air in the house seemed stifling, he went outside. The next thing he knew, he was in the woods which stretched about three miles behind his house. He was bitterly muttering, "So God won't help me, hunh. All I've done or him, and now he won't help me. Hell! Anybody else would, I bet, but not God!"

As if to mock God, he whispered, "I'd sell my soul if only someone would help!"

"Are you sure?" murmured a voice behind him.

"Wh—!" The breath whistled from Kane's lungs. He tried to whirl around, but his legs wouldn't function. A strong pair of hands griped his shoulders, supporting him, preventing him from turning.

"Just sit on that stump," commanded his companion, "and we'll talk things over."

"Who — are you?" Kane demanded, not sure that "who" was the right word.

"A friend," was the reply.

"Yeah! Who are you from, Cohen or the bookmaker? I didn't think you'd be this fast."

"I am not one of your — uh — friends of that type, Barney. I am trying to help you. Let's get right down to business. You mentioned selling your soul . . ."

He was interrupted. "You can't really be him!" gasped Kane.

"Take my word or it, Barney."

For some reason, he did. Maybe this was really—His own voice broke into his thoughts. "I'll bet you can't pick me the winners for the rest of my life," he gasped, getting rid of his rash idea in one breath.

"It's a bet. If I win, I get your soul. If you win, you're free."

"Okay," was the reply, "but you—"

There was no longer anyone there.

On the way to work next morning, Kane bought a Racing Form, as usual, and glanced over it. Imagine his surprise when he noticed that in every race, the name of one certain horse seemed to be printed differently from all the others. The ink was heavier, darker; it almost seemed to glow. That day, Kane made no bets, but every one of his dark-printed horses won! The next week was a jumble of placing bets, collecting, paying debts, dining out. Then the bubble burst. On a Tuesday afternoon, at the races, an attendant tapped his shoulder and murmured, "You're wanted in the manager's office, sir."

"I can't come now. I've got to see this race," Kane protested.

"Please, sir, you are wanted now."

"All right, all right," he grumbled. "Just wait a minute."

They walked down the stairs to an office under the stands, to ace the brown door stenciled PRIVATE in gold letters. He knocked, then entered. The manager was flanked by three policemen.

"Come right in, Kane," he invited unsmilingly. "Sit down. I'll get to the point. Have you had any connection with fixed races here?"

"What?" squeaked Kane. "Fixed races? No, of course not. What are you trying to do, get me into—"

"You've been winning a lot from us, Kane."

"I know, but that's because—" he stopped in time. "Because I've been lucky, that's all, just lucky. Besides, since I've been writing up the races for ten years, don't you think I'd know a little about the horses?"

"I tell you, I don't know!"

There followed half an hour of sharp questioning and desperate answering. Finally, a perspiration-drenched Kane was told, "Okay. But if you win too much more around here, you're going to really be in trouble. Remember that." Kane walked dazedly out of the room, and back upstairs. His horse had won, naturally, so he collected his money and left. He drove straight home, with a strange feeling that he was going to need help again.

He awoke the next morning, feeling irritable and a bit belligerent. During breakfast he hardly spoke, but exploded as he was leaving.

"Don't you want to kiss me, Barney?" asked Kay.

"Well — no! Do you think I have the time to run around kissing you everywhere I go? My God! You're — you're so sweet it makes me sick!"

Then, startled by the look of pain and surprise which came over her face, he mumbled, "I'm sorry. Here."

He mumbled to himself all the way to the office, and felt something growing inside him.

When he got to the office, a boy said, "Mr. Carson wants to see you, sir."

"Thanks, Jerry." He quickly walked to the city editor's office and knocked..

"Come in. Oh, it's *you*, Kane. Sit down," said Carson sharply. "I'll be brief, Kane. We're

not at all satisfied with your work of the last week. Your writing has been poor, and yesterday you didn't turn in anything at all. I think I ought to warn you, we don't want people like that around here. So if you'll just watch—"

"Forget it!" exclaimed Kane. "I was going to quit this job, anyway. This is a grubby job, so you can give it!"

"Wait!" shouted Carson as Kane left the office, but he was ignored. Kane grabbed his typewriter and ran out of the building, with a wild feeling of elation sweeping over him. He could live an easy life, just living on money from bets. As he drove home, he noticed that it was cold, winter was coming. So what, he thought. I can go to Florida. When he got home, Kay asked, "Is anything wrong? You're home so early!"

"No, nothing's wrong. I just quit."

"Oh, no! You're joking!" she gasped, her face draining of its color.

"No, I'm not. We can live on my betting. My gosh, I can make millions!"

"Betting?" Kay queried, slumping tiredly into a chair.

"Yes, betting," he mimicked. Why does she have to be so upset about it? He told her the whole story.

Two hours later, Kay and the children were gone, and Kane stood looking at the place where she had fallen, and at his skinned knuckles.

"Well, maybe it's for the best," he sighed. He suddenly grinned. "I can make millions, and I won't have to share it!" he chortled. "Ha! I'll go and clean 'em out now. Ha!"

After the race, he went to the bookmaker's shop to pick up his winnings. As he walked in, the little man behind the counter nudged the man next to him.

"Got any money, Charlie?" Kane asked brightly.

"Yes, but this is all you're gonna get. The word's gone around that you got a crooked sys-

tem. We don't want to deal with anyone dishonest."

"Oh, I see. Well, take Flying Saucer in the third tomorrow, Charlie."

"You don't seem to get the idea, Kane. I said no more bets, and I meant it. Now, get out!"

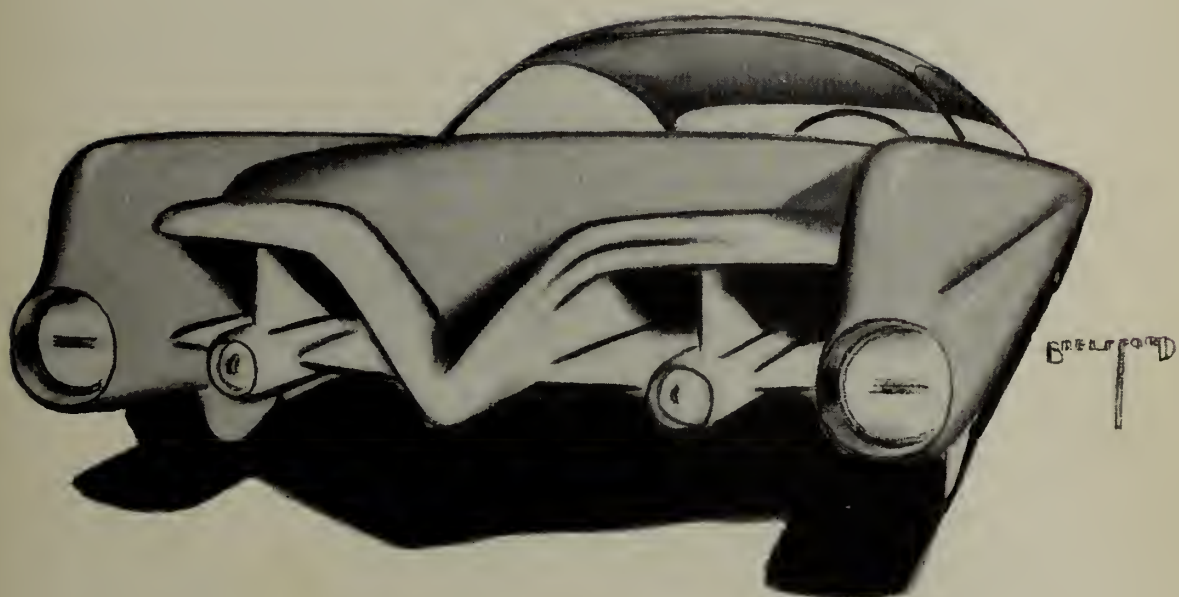
As Kane left the shop, a blind, unreasoning rage seized him. It shouldn't have. He should have used his money to go to a new city, even a new country, and start all over again. But he didn't. He ran back into the store and smashed Charlie's skull with his cane. The other man, for a moment too surprised to move, jerked out a gun and fired at Kane's disappearing back. His bullet ripped through Kane's left shoulder before he could get in to the car. With no time lost, Kane roared through the city streets, not stopping in his flight until he reached the woods behind his country house. Almost fainting from pain and loss of blood, he stumbled out of the car.

"What can I do?" he whimpered. Then, he lurched toward a tree, holding his throbbing, pain-torn shoulder. Just before he fainted, he remembered thinking that the night was cold. He awoke at two A. M., his shoulder stiff with cold, sending tearing waves of agony through his body. The temperature must have been about thirty-five degrees, and it started to rain. Every time a raindrop hit the raw, gaping wound, he screamed aloud. He was unable to move even to protect the shoulder with his right hand. When he couldn't scream any more, he just moaned brokenly, filled with pain and remorse.

"Why does everything happen to me? My betting, my wife, my job, all gone — then I get shot — I'm dying! Oh, Hell can't be much worse! Come on, come and get me; you've won, damn you! I'm waiting!"

At least, it's warm here.

—JOHN POPPY, '53



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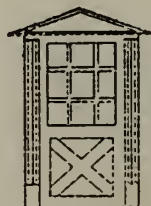
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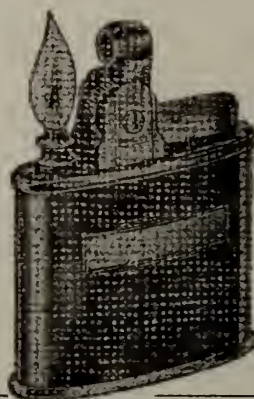
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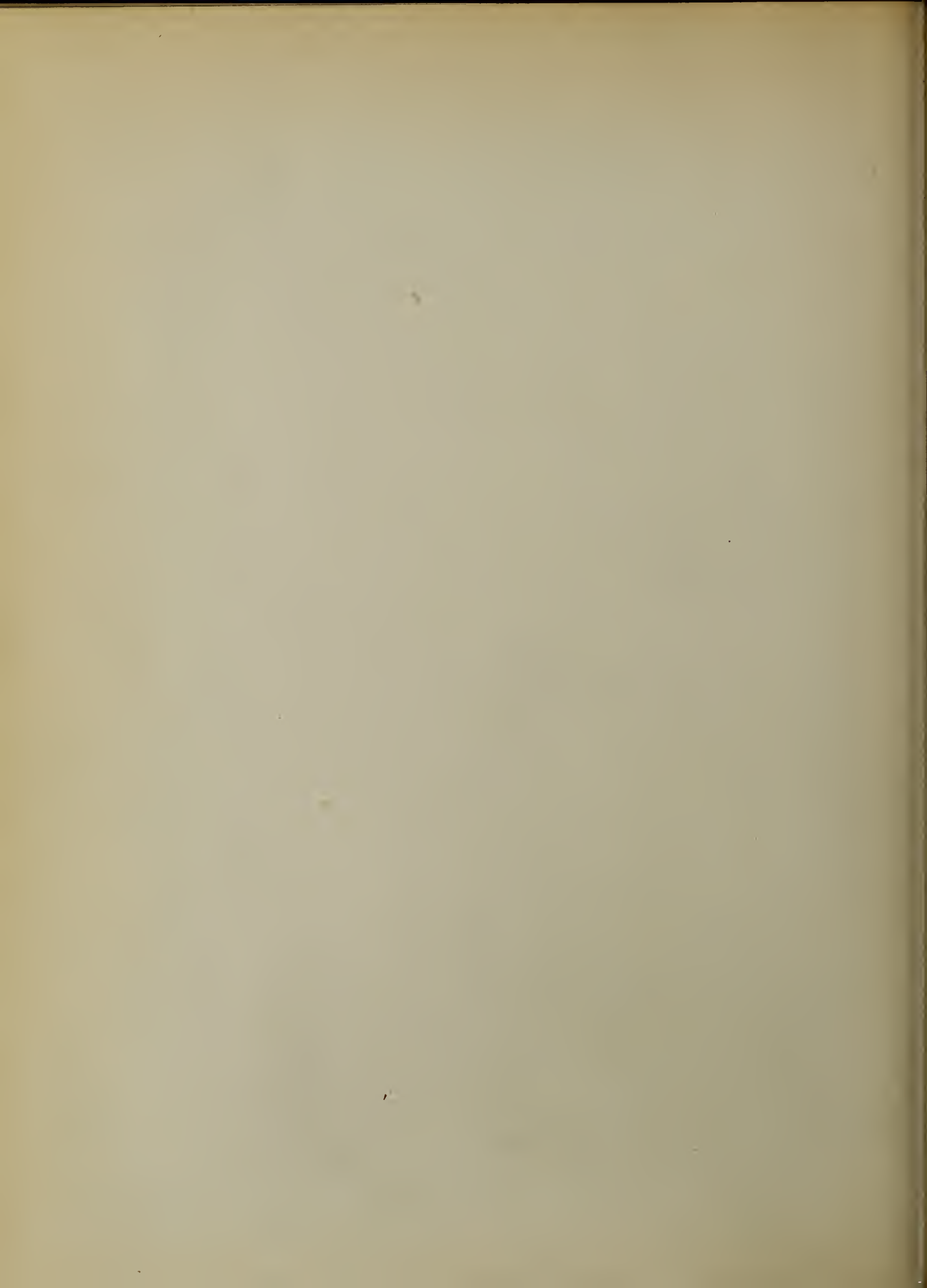


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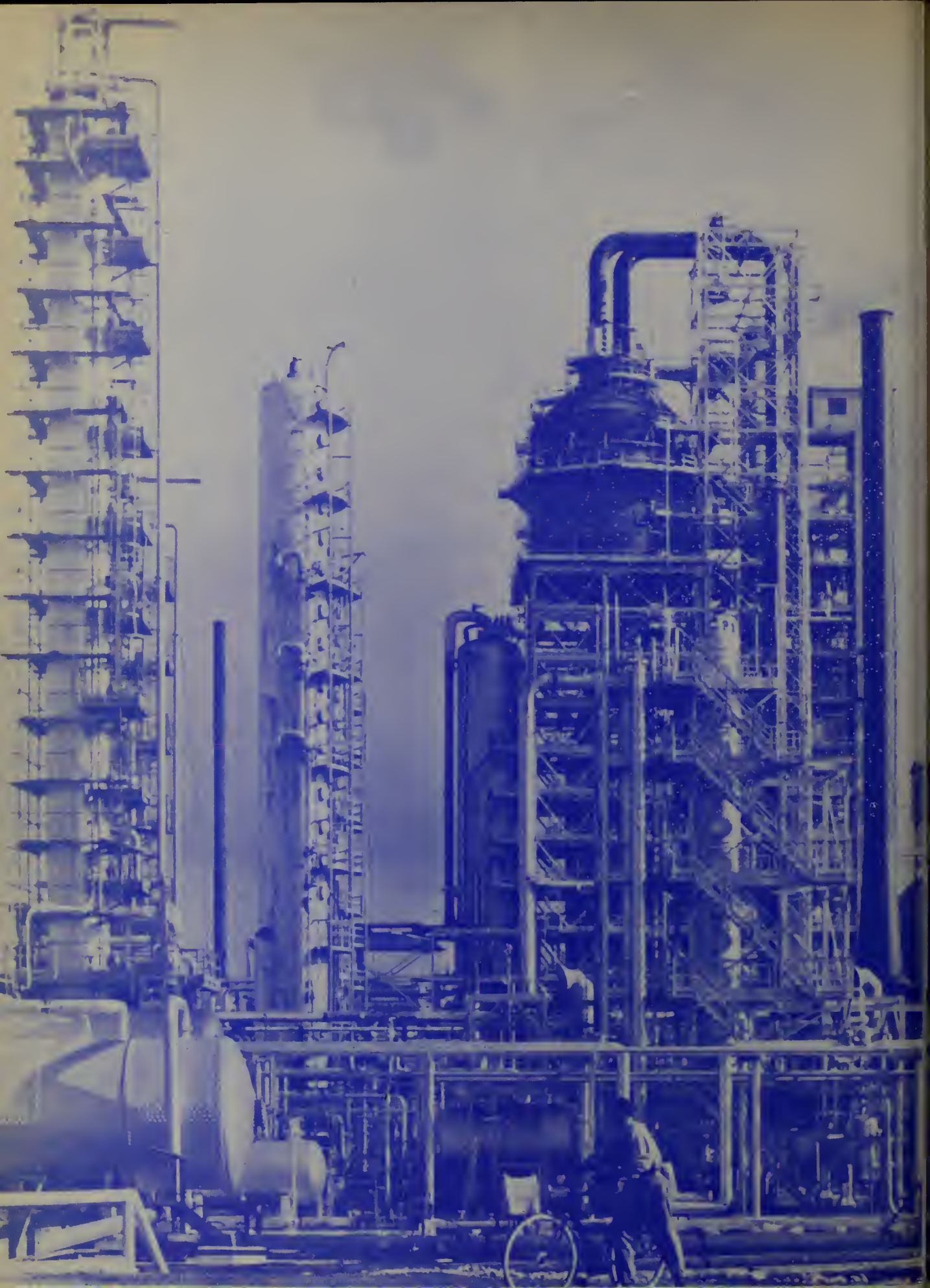
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The Case of the Disgruntled Bovine
or
Existence Unrewarded

Stupid poets—God and how
I'd like to choke that damn one
Who wrote about a purple cow
Because, you see, I am one.

—STEPHEN CHARNAS, '52

FRUSTRATION AMONG THE DUNES

by FREDERIC MENNER KIMBALL, '51

After an absence of some eleven years, I returned last summer to the village of my birth, East Hampton. My mother, father, and I drove East from St. Louis, and from New York we went out over that interminable deposit of glacial moraine, Long Island. One hundred and thirteen miles from the Queens Midtown Tunnel we topped a hill and there lay before us the Village Pond, shaded by elms and surrounded by a graveyard. At one end a large converted ship's mast displayed Old Glory. I was touched by this symbol of East Hampton's great past as an offshore whaling community. The beauty of this scene was further enhanced by three large swans majestically patrolling the banks. As I watched, one of the swans suddenly threw an epileptic fit. He or she thrashed her wings and beat the water furiously, but it was over in a minute. Down she went, her long neck tilted at a rakish angle, but nevertheless, proud and "inscrutable to the last." The LVIS (Ladies Village Improvement Society) dragged for her carcass far into the night, but it was no use.

Everybody knew what had happened. There were turtles in the pond, big ones, and they unfortunately had a particular predilection for swan. Seeing the webbed feet paddling along, these monsters would lay treacherous hold of the underpinning of their prey, and after a brief altercation, down would come their din-

ner. The resources of the LVIS are quite taxed, what with the constant replacing of sunken swans.

From the death-scene we drove out to the dunes. There stood the old family cottage. Here, for the first time since I was five, I saw my natal home. The name of the cottage reminded me of a rest-home for the senile, or a motel. Such institutions have compound titles invariably composed from a stock list of about ten words. Pine, Maple, Elm and Lake are coupled with mere, grove, view and hurst. Our cottage was Westmere, and immediately to the East was an identical structure called Eastmere.

The circumstances of my birth at Westmere and of my long absence are relatively simple. My Father, a native New Yorker, had summered there for thirty years. When he married my mother, from St. Louis, he moved out there, but they continued to go to East Hampton in the summer. My four older brothers and sisters were born traditionally, but very unromantically, in hospitals. In and about St. Louis. I came somewhat like Jesus, while my mother was on sojourn. And like Jesus I wasn't born in a hospital, but not for the same reasons. My mother, who had gone through the attendant heraldry of four births in hospitals already, crossed her fingers against a Caesarian and decided, like the President every Christmas, "to have a quiet



one at home." Fortunately I came intact and on schedule, arriving at Westmere at 4:00 P. M., July 29, 1931.

In 1938 the hurricane brought the sea into the cellar and carried away four cases of twelve year-old bootleg scotch made by a mystic named Herman. This led my parents to take up dude-ranching in Wyoming, an occupation which involved them until last summer, when they felt they must "down to the seas again." So they came, trailing only me, for the rest of the family had married, save my brother, who was bicycling through Europe feeling the common man's pulse for a Yale thesis.

East Hampton, I found, is like a great many other Eastern Seaboard summer colonies. The natives of the town who live there the year around are known as bonickers. They make all their money off the "summer folk" or (behind their backs) "swells" and they might just as well hibernate in the winter. The bonickers become very quaint in the summer months, and the eldest among them sit on nail kegs and become retired sea captains.

The summer residents live a little away from town on the dunes overlooking the ocean. They dwell in twenty-four room "cottages" built on piles driven into the sand. In the '38 hurricane most of the sand was washed away, and there sat the beautiful mansions, accessible only by twelve foot ladders. The bonickers got a great kick out of it, especially after they were paid for hauling the sand back in.

The center of social activity at East Hampton is the Maidstone Country Club. Someone has said that a club's proximity to New York City can be established by the number of bars it contains. The Maidstone defies the rule by having some five independent bars. The club is also blessed with thirty-six separate holes of golf course, twenty-four immaculate grass tennis courts, and a swimming pool one hundred feet from the beach. God knows how many cabanas there are on the beach. The history of the clubhouse shows lucidly the deterioration of modern

man's foresight and intelligence. The original clubhouse was a wood-frame construction that the house committee burned down when it became too small. This followed standard country club practice, but then came the unprecedented, and later regretted, departure therefrom. With the insurance that was collected a later house committee built what they imagined to be awfully clever — a building of stone and concrete that no one could ever burn down. Today, when the club has expanded even more, and the facilities are quite cramped, the members are stuck with an immortal white elephant.

It was to the Maidstone that we went for a snack in the mid-afternoon of the day we arrived. We parked far away from the clubhouse and the beach cabanas, where the buffet and one of the bars were located. This was necessary because there is a twenty-five dollar fine imposed on members parking in the closer lots, reserved for commodores, vice-commodores, and other dignitaries of the organization. From the very first I felt I had inexorably fallen into my pre-ordained place.

As we walked down the long steps to the beach, my father met all sorts of old friends, who greeted us with a cheery "good morning" at four o'clock in the afternoon. The explanation of this general disregard for the sun's meridian puzzled me for some time. One fact is that many of East Hampton's summer residents don't get out of bed much before two in the afternoon; however, I don't think they are actually confused about the time of day. The cause is something deeper and more reflective of their sensitive natures. On getting up at 2:00 P. M., these people immediately go to the Maidstone to have a quick one to mitigate their hangovers. Were one to say to these late arrivals "good afternoon" it would have the effect of such a sarcastic remark as "glad to see that you made it at all." Of course such an alert man of industry who, during the winter months, prides himself upon getting up at five-thirty, along with Truman, and hitting the office long before

the secretary, doesn't like to be reminded that he's been in bed with a topper all morning. Therefore, A. M. turns to P. M. at the five-thirty cocktail hour.

I had had slight misgivings throughout the winter and spring that I would not know anyone at East Hampton and that I would be functioning under a handicap, as it were. My father had been sure that I would meet all sorts of people my age and that everything would work out just capital. In my first day there I certainly saw a lot of people whom I assumed to be my age, but no one offered any suggestion as to how I was supposed to meet them. I had gathered from what my father had said that he had many friends who had sons and daughters my age. I have said that I came fifth and last in our family, but what I might now say is that my oldest sister is thirty-two. That, I found out, was about the average age of the children of my family's friends.

At all the tables around me hundreds of teenagers were merrily eating and making tennis and sailing dates for the afternoon. Many were discussing who would launch the big blowout that night. The potentialities of a riotous summer were great, and I must admit I was feeling rather elated about the future. Yet I was becoming aware that I was completely isolated from those who were sitting right next to me. (This was the first time that I had been thrown into a completely strange environment. This fact began to seep through my cranium while I was eating lunch.) I began thinking about the ways and means of introducing myself. As I thought about it, I was gratified by the multitude of methods at my disposal.

It seemed logical that the first step would be to go up and announce myself to them, boldly and fearlessly. What would I say? "My name's Frederic Menner Kimball; you probably know yours?" No. That was too flippant. I musn't give my potential friends the idea that I was going to take their companionship lightly. Before accepting me they would want to know more about me. I would say, "I am Frederic Menn . . ." No, I would use my nickname, it was less formidable. But I had two nick-names, "Ted" and "F.M." . . . which should it be? The "F.M." I had gotten at prep school, where I had been

the editor of a paper and a minor rock. It would sound too much like the big time; yet I certainly did not wish to represent myself as a nonentity. They wouldn't be interested. "Ted" was a little too commonplace, so I lit on Fred, which by rights I should have been called anyway. At the time it seemed to have just the connotation I was looking for. "I am Fred Kimball. I am eighteen years old. I live in St. Louis, Missouri, and I have just graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover. I am going to Yale." The whole thing sounded like a pretty damned irresistible reference to me.

All that was excellent, but what were they going to say? "Yea, that's fine. We'll be seeing you." Or possibly, "Eat it!" This oblivious group eating lunch was beginning to assume the stature of a tribunal which was condescendingly prepared to pass judgment on me. Before such a court I must have an advocate who could vouch for me and argue my case. I discarded the personal approach, and resolved to apply the principles of infiltration. I would win over someone who was on the inside and thus achieve my aim. This was a much more promising method because it would be much easier to befriend one person than the whole group. And if I failed with that one, there would be many others to try on again. A failure before the entire congregation could be fatal. I decided to bide my time until I had scrutinized the whole gamut and picked my man carefully.

* * * *

I returned the next day at about two o'clock, coming armed for the rather tedious task of analyzing every boy and girl on the beach by bringing an Oxford compendium of Shakespeare's entire works with me. Bound in Morocco leather with a blue ribbon for a marker, it must have looked strangely like a Bible, for I was pleased to note that as I sat and read it I received much attention from old and young alike. I felt I was gaining on the situation.

As I stole furtive glances from out my "Cymbeline" my gaze continually rested on one person — a beautiful blonde girl with her hair cut short. The effect in back was like a duck's posterior. She wore a tight black bathing suit and the over-all effect, I needn't say, was arresting. She was certainly very popular, for wherever she

went she trailed a long retinue of admirers. From my limited experience I knew that such popular girls were very kind and sympathetic in order to have got where they are. She would take interest in my plight and she would help me. It was quite obvious that a friend of hers would be a friend of everybody's, even if it were by ulterior motives that her male clientele were activated. The first important decision had been made. Progress.

It now remained to find out her name and to make her personally aware of my existence so that my intrusion would not take her by surprise and possibly make her hostile to me. To this end I began to engineer chance meetings with her on the crowded board walk. That afternoon I managed to pass her seven times. The fifth, sixth, and seventh times she looked back. More progress. However, my crowning achievement came the next day when I maneuvered into the buffet line just behind her. She had chicken salad and ice tea for lunch, but what is more important, I saw her sign the check. "William D. Morton" she wrote on the line, and just below it her name, "Pat." She was then whisked off to a table by her retinue, but the progress was undeniable. I was preparing to close in for the kill. All that could be done was to wait until she was alone. Her eternal popularity now returned to plague me, but I awaited with a will, in the hope of joy for things to come. That afternoon the chance did not come.

I rose next morning and dressed immaculately, for this was the big day. All night I had planned out the conversation and I was satisfied that it was sure-fire. I sat down to breakfast and began to read the *New York Times*. It won't serve any purpose to make this dramatic. Pat Morton was marrying some son-of-a-bitch at St. Patrick's that afternoon. Her picture grinned at me from the society page, and I read all about the "fashionable nuptials" that were to transpire in a few hours. After I had had my coffee, I was able to adopt a rather philosophical attitude toward the affair. But I still feel I was ditched, and if I had been around when the final banns for matrimony were published, I think I could have seen my way clear to giving a reason or so why they shouldn't have been joined in the holy bonds of wedlock.

I developed a chronic repugnance for the Maidstone, and for a solid week I sailed a Knock-a-bout on the Sound. Sailing relieves frustration, or, rather, it transfers frustration. There is no other pastime in which you get such a minimum return for such a maximum effort. The sailboat is about as efficient as a square wheel.

While I was in my nautical-depressive state I had plenty of time for reflection. I was able to gain a great deal of perspective on the situation. Rather than become resigned to my obscurity, I resolved to fight it. As I look back on it I believe that this was my first really grave error. As the ancient Greeks knew very well, man's greatest sin is to defy his fate. This was considered an arrogance towards the gods. They called this act of defiance "hybris". The man who was guilty of hybris always received his punishment from the gods in the form of "nemesis". As I rounded the far green buoy one windy Saturday morning I was kissed by the muses of inspiration, and from that moment on I was an arch hybritic. My "nemesis" followed swiftly.

* * * * *

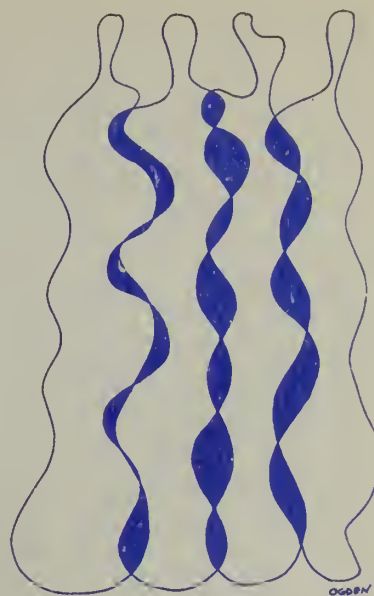
My inspiration was a perfectly simple solution to my problem. That Saturday night there was a dance at the Maidstone. All of my prospective friends would be there, and it would be the easiest thing in the world for me to cut in on any likely young lass, introduce myself, waltz her around, and then take her back to her table, where I would be introduced to my elusive colleagues in East Hampton society. The three-and-a-half hours it took me to tack into the dock were especially tedious since I was anxious to get home and have my tux pressed. I was relieved to find that I was getting bored with the boat, because when sailing becomes boring, that is the sign that you have passed the nautical-depressive period and that you must have something better to do. I had got my second wind, and I didn't see any tide that could carry me back.

For the occasion I wore for the first time a new plaid tie and cumberbund which I had been given on my birthday. As I set out for the club I was, as my mother commented, resplendent. (Neither of my parents was aware of my great frustration. I wanted to work this thing out for myself.) I arrived at the club

about eleven o'clock, the time when the dancing began. The membership I have pointed out, had outgrown the facilities. This I found out when I saw the dance-floor. It was packed. Even the most uninhibited floor mongers who revel in their sweeping ambulations, were confined to that sensual swaying motion which usually passes for dancing. For the first time I saw my eventual tribunal out of their bathing suits. I found it hard to recognize many of the people I had so scrupulously watched for over a week. I began sizing up the situation to see whom I would prey upon. Somehow I felt very distinctly that these people did not want to meet me and even resented seeing me hanging around. I felt as if I were forcing myself upon them and that if I did it cleverly enough they would have to accept me. I realized that this was the wrong attitude for achieving success. Yet I knew that it was not an attitude; it was a fact.

This sort of thinking began to drain my nerve and my enthusiasm. I went out to one of the bars to pour it back in. I had a couple of high-balls and returned to face the gyrating mass. It was a hot night. The place smelt like a gymnasium. I looked over the candidates and picked a girl whom I had seen at the beach. Her merchandise was moving very well with the "gang", and I figured she was probably my best bet. I was edging through the tables by the dance floor when I felt myself edging for the bar. As in times of all stress when the intellect cannot be counted on for a sound judgment, I relied on my impulses. By the time I got back to the dance-floor I felt as if I would just as soon dance with the octogenarian whose dress I was at the moment caught in. I spotted my girl and fearlessly made my approach. As I tapped on her partner's shoulder she did not show any of the signs of hysteria or paralysis that I was expecting. Her partner did not quietly tell me to get the hell away from her as she huddled him like a scared rabbit, as I had also expected. He smiled and moved away and she delicately opened her arms for me. I was entranced.

"My name's Connie," she said, "I don't know many people here. You're so kind to cut in." I was palpitating. Even if she didn't know many people here, she certainly knew some, as I had seen. But we were in the same boat, just getting



started, and I at once felt a great spiritual affinity to her. I told her my name and some of my past history; however, I threw my prepared dialogue to the winds, for I felt completely at ease. I was happy for the first time since I had set foot in East Hampton. I was overjoyed when the music stopped, because no one then could take Connie away from me. She would be mine for at least twenty minutes. We went out and got a couple of drinks at the bar and moved onto the veranda where we sat in the cool ocean breeze. The moon lay close to the water and its reflection glittered with the slowly oscillating surf.

"Rather hot in there," I said.

"Jeepers yea! But it's pretty good to get to a dance anyhow. There aren't many down in Quoque."

"Quoque?" I said, a little surprised, because Quoque is about forty miles down the shore, west of East Hampton.

"Yea, we live down in Quoque, but we occasionally get up here for a dance or so and to play tennis."

I was stricken. What good was she to me? I was deceived again. Someone was conducting a monstrous plot to drive me out of East Hampton, perhaps to Quoque. But I rallied around and decided to make the most of it. The great spiritual affinity was broken and I could con-

duct the conversation only on the most plebian level. I lapsed back into my preconceived dialogue:

"Where do you go to school?" I asked.

"Oh, I went to Ethel Walkers."

"You went to Ethel Walkers? Where do you go to college?"

"I went to Vassar."

This was preposterous. Things had come to a standstill, but now they were going quite backwards. I stopped playing with the highball and managed to rally back again. It was difficult because the conversation had refused to follow the preordained path. I had planned, as soon as I had found out where she went to school, to play "do you know" with her, and thus create something that would pass for conversation. Now I thrust forward the querying, searching jab:

"What do you do now?"

"I work," she said simply.

"You work," I said even more simply.

"Yea, I work in a marine insurance company."

We were now on common ground, for I had once met a marine insurance salesman. It happened that he worked for the same company. We talked about it, and the minutes went mercifully quickly. As we talked she managed to get older and older, and I kept looking at her, trying to figure out how I could have made such a colossal error in judgment. She saw that I was staring at her intensely, and she began to squirm. I began to squirm. As the association threatened to metamorphose into hostility, the music began.

While pushing towards the dance floor I prayed to God that her merchandise would move as rapidly as before. We weren't on more than a second when a couple danced by and the woman spoke to Connie. "My God, Connie", she said, and I thought she was referring to me, but she continued. "Where have you been? Jim's in the bar and he's been looking for you all night." Connie shrugged and the couple passed on. "Jim your date?" I asked. "No, he's my husband." I will not elaborate. "Would you like me to take you back to him?" I offered. "God, no! He'll find me when he really wants me," she replied. Jim apparently really wanted

her, for he arrived soon after. It was too late to sail, so I went to bed. Nemesis had struck.

* * * * *

My nautical-depressive state lasted through Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday morning my mother asked me to pick up a friend of hers at the Tennis Club. This was an extension of the Maidstone Club that was built on the sight of the old clubhouse, across the golf links near a pond. It was my first visit to the courts. There was a rather large tennis house that served as headquarters for the kiddies. It was filled with ping-pong tables and other such apparatus; however, there was also the ever present bar. A small portion of the building was devoted to the workshop and sale room of Lenie, the professional.

I was mildly surprised to see on the courts and around the bar many of my future playmates. By this time they weren't at all surprised to see me. It occurred to me that they must be wondering who the hell I was, creeping around, looking innocuous. I had the feeling that they were laughing at me. Suddenly I felt that I couldn't possibly walk by them. I would trip or something. I turned and went all the way around the building to get my mother's friend. As I was driving home I conceived the third and final solution to my social problem.

* * * * *

My newest strategy involved my learning to play tennis. I had never been very athletic and this new tack was terrible testimony to the ends of human endurance to which a man will go in order to achieve social recognition. My plan was this. When I had developed a sufficiently skillful game, I figured that this Lenie, the pro, would get me a set with some charming young lady. I would allow her to beat me, of course, but then I would gallantly buy her a Tom Collins, and off we would go to meet her friends. I would be in. I looked at this scheme from all angles, but I couldn't see a single loophole. If she was better than I was, that would be of little significance, since I must lose anyway. All points were covered. It was perfect.

That afternoon, during the cocktail hour at the beach, so that no one would see me, I went back to talk to Lenie. Lenie was a very under-



CITY OF MAGIC REALITY — *R. F. Thompson*

standing old Irishman, and he sympathized with me all the way. Without looking up from the bench where he was stringing a racket he told me that I was a potential great, if I'd only stick with him. I must have at least *sounded* like a potential great. Lenie became much less enthusiastic when I told him I'd have to take these lessons early in the morning, so that no one would see me learning. I wanted to give the impression that I had been seeded in the top ten at Wimbledon for many years. He cheered up a little when he learned that I'd have to buy a racket and balls. He proceeded to sell me thirty dollars worth of both. "Only the best for a potential great!" he said.

For two weeks I met Lenie from seven o'clock

until eight-thirty every morning, including Sunday. The rest of the time I sailed and read Shakespeare, whom I had almost finished. I had already ordered "War and Peace" from a New York bookstore in the case things came to worse. I entered into this tennis business with sheer and utter abandon and I must confess I took to the game very well and developed rapidly. The only real trouble that I had was the same problem I encountered in ping-pong: I would lose the ball in the little white line, and it would come popping into the green area unexpectedly. I dyed some of the balls red, but Lenie said that that wasn't grass court protocol. He sold me some more to replace them.

One Sunday morning approximately a month

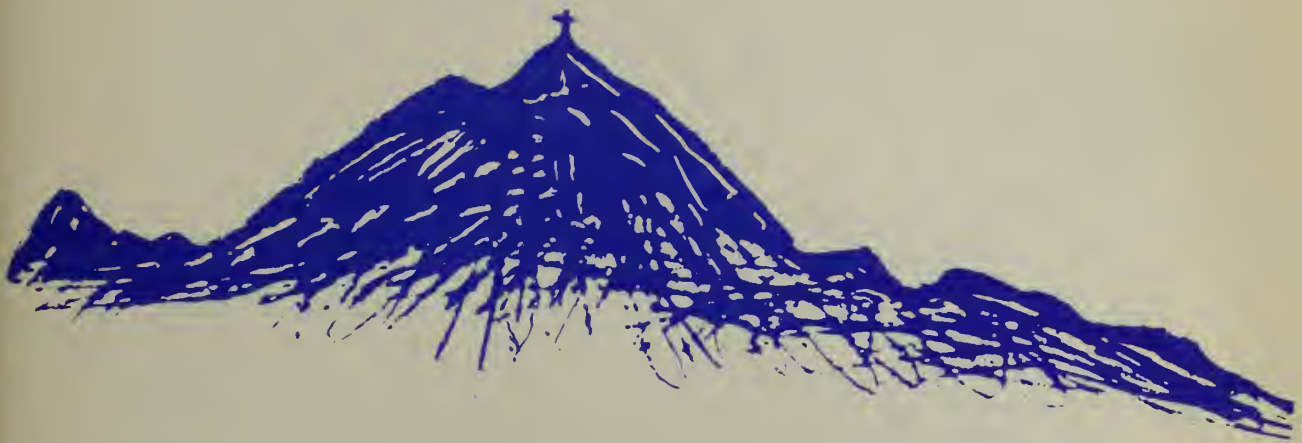
after I had arrived at East Hampton I met Lenie at the usual seven-thirty. The pace had begun to wear on him, and he looked a tired and beaten man. We played around with my service for a while and as usual he snapped his fingers and announced in imperative tones that "he had it". "Had what" I asked. "Your service, sorr," he replied. It turned out that I wasn't throwing the ball far enough in the air. I did so and the service improved immensely. He stood back, a proud man. "Well, me laddy, I think that's it." "What?" I asked. "Your game," he answered. "You just go on to church now and come back after dinner and I'll have you your game all set. Charming little miss she'll be. Yes, sorr! Good marnin, laddy." It was only eight o'clock, and I think he went back to bed until his mid-morning clientele arrived.

I was frightfully elated, for the day of reckoning had come. I had visions of not only gallantly losing to the girl, but of also taking my newly-won boy friends and inspiring respect in them by systematically beating them one by one, or perhaps two by two. Yes, the day of reckoning had come. The evening would see me being toasted all around at some hilarious party thrown in my honor. My *hybris* was on me again.

I made it to the tennis house at two in the afternoon. Lenie met me and took me into the ping-pong room where there were lots of children sitting around nursing orangeades. He called a girl named Jeb, and out from the group came a little girl in pigtails. She was suntanned to the point of being of indistinguishable race, and she was corpulent. She was introduced to me as one Jeb Pottle, and I'm afraid I shall

never forget that name. Jeb stood some four feet in her sneakers, and I would guess her age to have been thirteen. I looked around for the "multiplication of double-crossings," that beady-mouthed son-of-a-gun, Lenie, but he had gracefully made his exit. "Well, shall we to it, old top?" squeaked Jeb. "Yes, let's to it, old bean!" I said. She looked at me sort of funny-like. I grimaced and we marched to the courts. I decided then and there that I would beat holy hell out of her. I would beat her so damn badly she would cry.

I don't know what happened to my game. In fact, I don't know that I ever had a game. I incline toward the theory that not only did Lenie sell me down the river on a tennis date; but that after he had collected one hundred and thirteen dollars in bills and fees from me he decided that he was sick and tired of trying to mould such incorrigible material so early in the morning. He was a gangster, a veritable gangster. Jeb Pottle, the mealy-faced undeveloped Lilliputian, took me 6-1, 6-0, 6-0. Towards the end, after I had double-faulted several times in a row, she would ask me if I wouldn't like to "take that one over again, it's really not a serious match, you know." At the very end, my service wasn't aiming for the court but for her. She began to realize this, and became alarmed. As we changed courts she would always go around the other side. If she was close to the net, and I came up to fetch a ball, she would rush to the backline, clutching her racket with both hands. When the last set was over, she ran into the tennis house, pigtails flying. I called after her and asked if she wouldn't like an orangeade or something. She didn't say a thing, but jumped into her Buick convertible and drove off, fast.



MODERN ADVERTISING

In England, when a company wishes to make its products known it inserts a small advertisement in the tabloids, thus:

Wood's
Vinegar!

When something more forceful and outspoken is desired, the company will advertise along these lines:

Try
Wood's
Vinegar!

If there is a dire emergency, and the company must attract customers or go into bank-

ruptcy, the company will throw decorum to the winds and advertise in this manner:

Try Wood's
Vinegar.
It's Good!

On this side of the Atlantic, however, there is a vast difference from this dignified restraint. It would not be considered uncommon in these United States to see blimps in the shape of vinegar bottles cruising about in the sky at night, emblazoned with the words:

Wood's Vinegars Pleasin' Any Season
First To Last For The Tasty Repast
Wood's Vinegar

Moreover, it would not be considered at all unusual to see airplanes flying by day, writing in smoke on the sky the motto:

If It's Made By Wood It's Got To Be Good
WOOD'S VINEGAR

Such high pressure sales campaigns have diminished American interest in advertising to the point where the hucksters have been forced to devise new and unusual forms of commercial publicity. One of the first of these to make its appearance in the magazines was the curiosity-type ad, characterized by two similar pictures under which is a caption reading, "Which twin has the Toni?", or "Which is really Ava Gardner?" To find the answer, the reader, and prospective consumer, must read every word of the copy.

The American Public is also vulnerable to the fear-type advertisement which has become a common item in our magazines. One of the better known ads of this type is the one which states in a semi-accusing manner, "Don't be half safe, use Arrid to be sure!" Another fear ad is that of the Listerine Antiseptic Company which features a picture of several kinds of bacteria, each menacing enough to cause the staunchest heart to quiver. When Listerine is suggested as a safeguard against these multi-syllabled monsters, the reader is not slow to respond. Needless to say, this variety of advertising is extremely effective, although its ethics are questionable, at best.

The effects of high pressure sales campaigns have not confined themselves to magazines; other media have also reflected the increased intensiveness of the advertising business. Billboards, which used to be confined to a few Burma-Shave signs have blossomed out both in size and number to the point where they have become a nuisance. Ogden Nash summed it up quite well when he wrote:

"I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree.
In fact, unless the billboards fall,
I'll never see a tree at all."

Although they may be annoying at times, billboards will never be able to compete with the singing radio commercial for the booby prize of the publicity field. While commercials are necessary for the existence of radio and television, and while they are intended to sti-

mulate American industry, there should be some limits to the depths of assininity displayed all too often in the "brief word from our sponsor". Recently, during one of the better known Sunday evening news programs, my ears were assailed with a charming duet along these lines.

GIRL

(in a voice sounding very much as though she suffered from arrested mental development)

I go for a man who wears an Adam hat.

(whistle)

GIRL

I go for a man who wears an Adam hat.

(again whistle)

BOY

(sounded as though the removal of his tonsils and adenoids would be a wise move)

Well, if she feels like that,

I'll buy an Adam hat.

GIRL

I go for a man who wears an Adam hat.

(again that whistle)

There is no excuse for such nonsense as this. The above commercial in itself is a valid reason for buying a Knox or a Stetson hat.

Fortunately, there are a few non-conformists on the air, a few intelligent sensible advertisers. For example, I would like to point out the Longines-Whitnaur program, the Symphonette. The program itself, a pleasant group of classical and semi-classical selections, is an enjoyable one, and the advertising is actually interesting. The commercial is a brief one, and is generally composed of a few unusual situations in which their product has proven serviceable and dependable.

It may be nothing but idle wishing, but I like to think that someday, perhaps in the near future, advertising such as this will be the rule, rather than the exception. I have no use for the cheap, gaudy, tinsel-type advertising which is all too prevalent today, and I hope that I shall never again be forced to endure the hoarse tenor who, at regular intervals of fifteen minutes, croons the passionate love song:

"Dream girl, dream girl,
Beautiful Lustre Cream girl,
You owe your shining glory to
A Lustre Cream shampoo."

—DAVID R. SLAVITT, '52



THIN ICE

Only one small light was turned on in the room. Erlynn, sitting at her dressing table, carefully examined her reflection in the mirror. It had turned out just as she had planned, so far. Her hair was shingled, and it was a dark reddish-brown; the reddish tint was exactly that. Her eyes were blue, but they didn't sparkle enough. She picked up the small bottle filled with a yellow liquid, unscrewed the top, and withdrew the dropper. Leaning her head back, she squeezed the rubber end of the dropper; and the yellow drops fell into her eyes. Now they would sparkle. But when she raised her head and looked into the mirror, the drops had run and had streaked her make-up. Quickly grabbing for a tissue from the top of the dressing table, she attempted to make repairs. No, one side was ruined. Well, there was an hour left. She dabbed cream on her face and wiped off all the make-up. Carefully she applied the base, rouge, eye shadow, powder, and lipstick. Twenty minutes until time to leave.

She got up and walked over to a tall, thin mirror which hung flat against the wall. In the mirror the reflection was from the knees up. Her dress was of green satin with long, thin, beady strings hanging around the bottom. The back was cut very low, and there were no arms in the dress, just little straps over the shoulders. There was something wrong, though; the line from the shoulders to the hips was supposed to be straight, slim, like a pencil. But Erlynn knew it was too late to do anything about that. She looked down at her slippers, green satin slippers with a rhinestone buckle on the toe of each shoe.

Turning away from the mirror, she walked back to the dressing table. She reached into the bottom drawer and withdrew her jewel case. The earrings that she picked out were long thin strands of gold with a little stone at the end of each strand. The chimes of the downstairs clock struck. Nine o'clock. She walked quickly into the hall, grabbing her silver-beaded handbag as she passed the dresser. Rapidly descending the stairs, she tried to remember if she had forgotten anything. Oh, her coat! Well, she did not need that. She reached the bottom of the stairs and hurried across the large entrance hall to the side door, where the chauffeur was waiting with the car. James was waiting quietly in the back seat.

Erlynn had planned this party for a long time. Twenty years ago tonight, she had been given a dance on her twentieth birthday. But James, her husband, didn't know that it had been twenty years. Erlynn, as a rule, disliked birthday celebrations; she saw little to celebrate. This, however, was different. She planned to be having so much fun that when her birthday arrived, it would slip by unnoticed. James wouldn't understand that; so she just asked him if she could entertain at the club. James never denied Erlynn anything, but he could not give her what she wanted; no-one could. So Erlynn had planned her "Roaring Twenties Revival Ball" and had sent out four hundred invitations, asking everyone to come dressed complete to the hip-flask. She told the manager of the club to have champagne flowing like, well, like champagne. Delicate cakes were to be prepared. The orchestra had been carefully selected. It spe-



Goodman

cialized in the music of the hedonistic twenties and was prepared to play tunes like "Doo Wacka Doo" and "I'll See You In My Dreams". Erlynne was sure that party would be a success.

There was another reason for the party. Erlynne didn't even like to admit it to herself. Of course it was nothing, but Erlynne had never forgotten it. She knew he never could forget it. At her dance, so many years ago, she had been literally lifted off her feet by Tony. Tony was thirty then; and everyone had been surprised when she left the dance and drove off with him. He had never paid any attention to her previously; and then suddenly they were thrown together. But, after all, he was so handsome. That was a long time ago, in measured time; but to Erlynne, it seemed like only the day before yesterday. She had heard his name now and then; but he never attempted to see her again. The day before she had asked James about the party, she heard from her friend Mary Drew that Tony was back in town. And now, the night of the party had crept up on Erlynne. It faced her, and there was no escape.

To get to the club they had to drive through the downtown district. Apparently everyone else was going somewhere too, for the traffic was very heavy. As the car crawled through the shopping district, Erlynne looked out of the window of the car at the store displays. A man in one of the windows was changing the costume on one of the mannequins, Erlynne looked to the other side. The street was ablaze with glaring lights. The light was shining into the car; and Erlynne saw James sitting, staring out of the window. A red light brought them to a halt, and a stream of young girls passed next to the car. One of them saw Erlynne and giggled; the others just stared into the car. Erlynne felt very uncomfortable and looked over to James for aid. But James was still looking out and had noticed nothing.

They got out of town and soon were in the country. The quiet and darkness were soothing to Erlynne. The car turned into the drive of the club and wound through the trees until the clubhouse lights were in view. As they drew closer, they heard the music drifting out from the ballroom. They were late. The car pulled up at the entrance, and the doorman opened

the car door for Erlynne, who stepped out and hurried into the clubhouse.

"Five foot two, eyes of blue,

But could she, could she, could she cool!

Has anybody seen my girl?"

Waaaaaaaaaaaa. DaDeDaDeDaDeDaDeDaDe!

Erlynne walked past the check room, but James stayed behind to check his hat. Mr. Crest, the manager, was stationed by his office door. When he saw Erlynne, he rushed toward her. "My dear Mrs. Randolph, this has turned out to be the biggest thing — I really mean it, the biggest thing — the biggest thing we've had out here all year! Everyone is here, simply everyone! And everyone is having a wonderful time, just a wonderful time! This is just the cutest idea. And don't you worry about anything, Mrs. Randolph, because I've taken care of everything, simply everything! Oh, the cakes! Wait until you see the cakes! I helped myself and" But Erlynne kept walking ahead for the ballroom. Mr. Crest could not keep up with her and was left behind still sputtering.

The large ballroom was jammed with people, people jabbering, people shrieking, people smoking. The blaring orchestra was set off in one corner. Most of the people were standing around babbling. Many seemed to be expecting something to happen, but nothing did. Waiters were weaving their way through the crowd, balancing trays of champagne-filled glasses, doling them out. Next to the far wall was a long banquet table piled high with little cakes. The space surrounding the table was occupied by old ladies, who nibbled at the different cakes and then put them back on the table. The scene was vaguely reminiscent of the pictures seen of the stockyards with the cattle jammed into one huge stall. Here the syrupy smell of perfume hung as heavily in the air as the smoke exhaled by the guests. There was that strange feeling of — well, what do we do now? No answer presented itself, so everyone was either standing, sitting around the wall, or milling.

Erlynne stood bewildered. Then, not paying attention to the greetings she received, she walked through the crowd. She headed straight for the orchestra. The music stimulated her. Why weren't the people dancing? Looking around, she realized that very few of the women

had come dressed as she had asked. Erlynnne was hurt and disappointed. She moved through the crowd, searching for someone to confide to.

Suddenly she found herself confronted by Diana Conrad. Diana was past her prime, but she was still attractive. There was always a crowd of men gathered around her. She shouted, "My God, darling. Aren't you having anything to eat? You don't expect us to eat cake, do you darling, or are we supposed to be birds? If you don't do something, these bitches will get tired of nibbling their fingernails and will start eating each other. Why darling! That's the quaintest outfit I ever saw! Oh, really darling, you have to do something."

Diana did have her subtle ways. Erlynnne didn't have an answer, so she moved on through the crowd. Clatter! A tray filled with glasses of champagne toppled from the hand of one of the waiters and splashed on Erlynnne and two other ladies. Erlynnne's dress was drenched down one side. "It dries very quickly," offered the waiter, as he tried to help the women dry themselves off.

"It's going to leave a stain!" snapped one of the ladies. Erlynnne spotted an empty chair by the wall and moved toward it. After seating herself, she asked a passing waiter to bring her a cloth. She waited, but he did not return. Soon the dampness was gone, and only a stickiness remained.

Erlynnne stood up and tried to see if she could see James in the crowd. There were so many people. She felt a tap on her arm and looked around to find Mary Drew at her side. Mary and Erlynnne had been friends for years and years. Mary was wearing a grey dress, very much like Erlynnne's. "I love your party, Erlynnne. The music is so nice, even though I can't dance to it. Joe said if I asked him to dance that he would march right out and leave me here. But it's nice. Have you seen Tony?"

"No."

"Well, he's right over there by the door."

Erlynnne searched all the faces near the door, but she didn't see him. "Where?"

"Right next to that young fellow with the blonde hair."

"Oh, I see now." But she didn't. After a few moments of thorough inspection, she recognized

him. (But that was not Tony. He had grown fat. What little hair that was left on his head was white. He sagged, all over. His arms hung limply at his sides. No. No. No. No.)

With a little cry of anguish and disbelief, which no one heard, she ran toward the door and out of the ballroom. She had no sooner stepped out the door when the orchestra struck up one of the new popular songs. She swirled around and peered back into the crowded room. It had not changed; but people were beginning to dance. She turned back and walked past the check room to the stairs which led to the powder room. She ran up the stairs and into the lounge. After yelling for the maid, she asked her to call down and get some scotch.

* * * * *

When she got downstairs again to the ballroom, the place was deserted except for a few inebriated guests, semi-conscious or unconscious. One couple was dancing. James was standing next to the orchestra, which was still playing.

"Five foot two, eyes of blue,

But could she, could she, could she coo!

Has anybody seen my girl?"

Waaaaaaaaa. DaDeDaDeDaDeDaDeDa!

James turned and hurried over to Erlynnne. "Honey, it's three o'clock! Are you ill? I've been looking all over for you."

"No, let's go home. Have them bring around the car."

The car drew up to the entrance, and the doorman opened the car door. James tried to help Erlynnne into the car, but she brushed him away. Erlynnne sank back onto the seat: James climbed in over her. The car started moving. Erlynnne looked out the back window at the disappearing lights of the clubhouse. Then she turned back and snuggled into the corner of the seat.

"Erlynnne," said James, hesitantly.

"What."

"Erlynnne, I just can't understand why you ran out on your guests. Some of our friends were very upset."

"I did not run out on my guests. My guests ran out on me."

"Well, Erlynnne, the fact remains that we have to make some sort of excuse."

"Tomorrow I must be hoisted into my wheelchair and go calling. I shall invite them all to my funeral. I shall ask them to wear black. Undoubtedly they will all come nude."

"Erlynn, sometimes after you've been drinking—you act like a child."

"I have not had a drink; And, how can I act like a child when I have two feet in the grave? I would like to know, James. Oh James, I don't want to be melodramatic, but I find it impossible to be subtle."

"I don't understand."

"Ah, spoken like a true husband. You don't understand! I just feel like I am sinking through the ice. That's all there is to it."

"All there is to what? Erlynn, I don't think that you know what you are talking about."

"I am overweight with time, and there is no diet."

"What?"

"It was a game; I have lost. It was life or death; the body is dead. There is only one mourner. And we don't have any children. I am the only mourner. Oh, James pull your shield back over your face and keep quiet. There isn't anyone to cry for me except me."

James was silent; Erlynn buried her head in her hands and began to cry, softly at first. After a long time she heard the gravel crackling under the tires as they turned into the drive.

"Home sweet home," James sighed.

That was too much. Erlynn sat up and slapped him across the face. When the car

stopped, she climbed out. She slammed the car door in James' face. Although the windows were all up in the car, she addressed him loudly.

"God damn you. Go to hell."

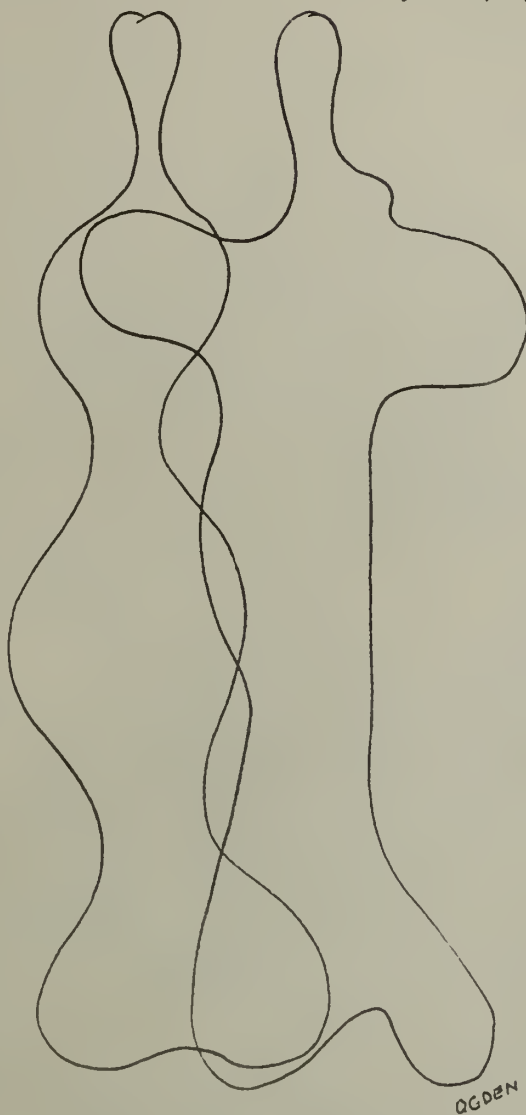
The journey up to her room was a long one.

All the lights in the room had been turned on. Erlynn entered and fell across her bed. After a while she pulled herself to her feet and moved with great effort to the door, locking it. The darkness quickly closed in on her when she flicked the light switch. But her dressing table lamp was still on; she crossed over and sat down in the chair before the mirror. Her eyes were red; the tears, washing the mascara down with them, had left paths in her make-up. Her mouth was a smear of red. And her hair—her hair was tangled. She passed her hand over the back of her head, trying to smooth it down. But it was all gnarled. With a sigh, she let her head fall against her chest. Her dress was ruined; and it had a terrible odor. Standing up, she ripped it from her body. Then she ran to the window and flung the dress out. Kicking her shoes off, she climbed into bed between

smooth sheets. And then Erlynn spoke aloud, although there was no one to hear.

"I'll just stay in my room forever and I won't have to see anyone ever and I'll never unlock the door and no one will ever see me ever and no one will ever . . . see . . . me . . . ever . . ."

—AUBREY GOODMAN, '52



"MOON AND THE DEAD"

The rind we cast away, the cherries lying listless
In the glass, and toothpicks and the whiskey spoons
Have brought us all the bliss that otherwise was none.
And you were mine in dreams, in dreams,
And on the couch stir restlessly
And murmur as my hand falls down.
How green the tree is where his bones were found.
How peaceful lies his yellow skull;
And arrowheads all red, all red with blood,
These complement the sylvan scene.
And there is jubilation, but a calm serene,
Here where candles flicker, and a senile priest
Drinks, and drips the fluid on his stole,
And coughs, and breaks out in a sweat,
For he is old. But we are young .

—G. GILLESPIE, '51

THE JOYFUL NOISE

In this temple whence the lambs are brought,
Around the marbled cloister, walks a penitent.
Whose shaven head is scarred;
To the stones his feet have given heat,
And by the snows his bloody toes have been
annealed.
A priest inside wipes off his nose
And chews again upon a leg of meat,
While by him yet another fingers a copper cup;
And there is laughter in the corner by the fire.
Within the sanctuary, chilly,
Are purple wine spots on the altar; before which,
Propped slightly in a bier, rested a perfumed
body,
Staring at the idol on the wall.

—G. GILLESPIE, '51



LOOKING BACKWARD—A REVIEW

Edward Bellamy's logic in "Looking Backward" contains a number of purely mechanical faults. There is, for example, a flagrant use of *petitio principii*, or begging the question, in his attempt to explain how "Looking Backward" bloodless revolution is feasible, for he incorporates the effect of his perfect society on the people at large into the cause of their putting his system into operation. Despite these flaws, Bellamy, as time has proven, had many sound theories on the progress of society.

Rather, the chief weakness of Bellamy's utopia and, for that matter, of all the ideal utopias that I have unearthed, lies not so much in their logical irregularities as in the complete stagnation that they necessarily impose on society. Scholars thought for some time that the word "utopia" came from the Greek *EUTOPOS*, meaning "good place". However, it has since been proven that "utopia" is derived not from *EUTOPOS*, or "good place", but from *OUTOPOS*, which means "no place", and the second definition, I believe, is much more apt than the first. At the risk of offending any number of incurable dreamers, I'd like to take a semi-defeatist point of view for a moment.

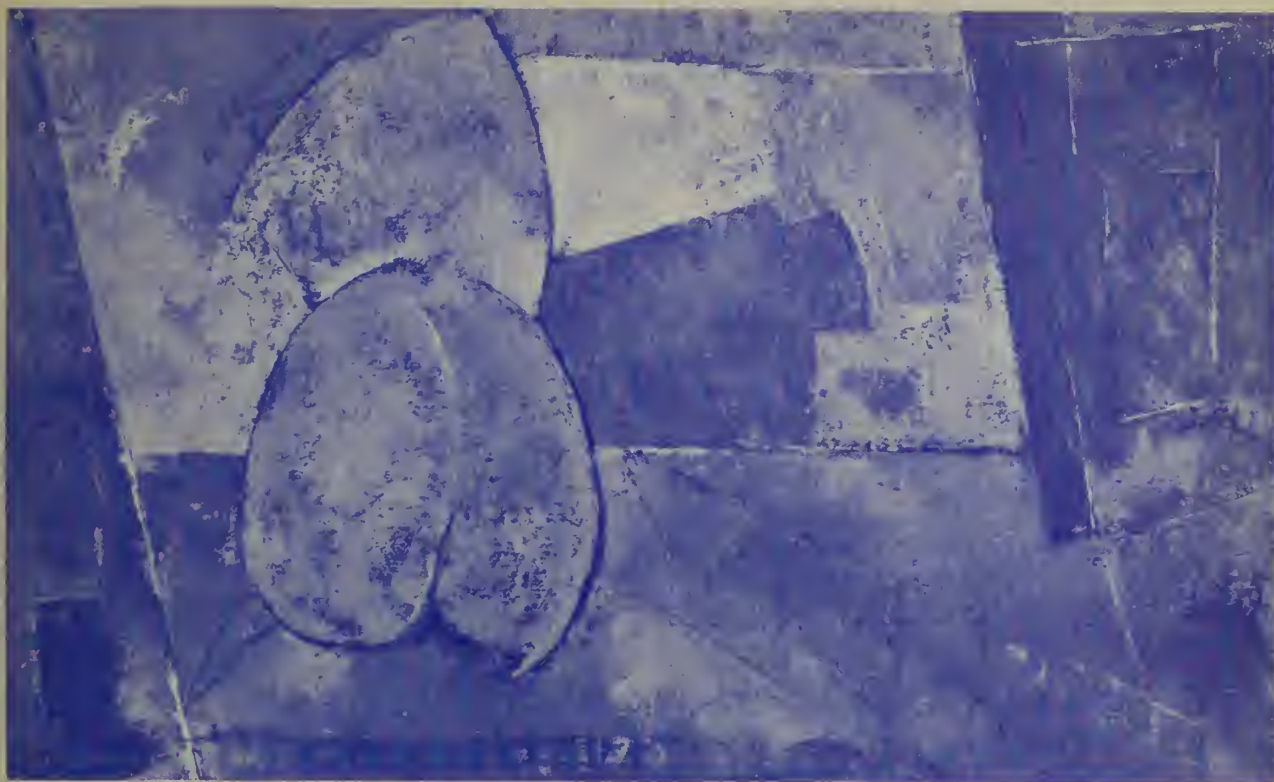
Firstly, if we accept the hypothesis that utopia is not plausible on this earth, moreover that utopia is not even desirable, it becomes a great deal easier to explain the Good Lord's motives in not creating one. For it certainly seems contradictory that an omnipotent and benevolent deity such as ours would have forced the pain we now experience on his beloved sheep unless He believed that pain was as necessary in the scheme of things as pleasure.

But why should pain be necessary, for pain is certainly evil? This is an obvious question, and its answer is not easy to understand. Pain, or "evil", if you will, is necessary, because pain is the co-source of all the human race holds dear. Again we have a seeming paradox, and again the answer is not easy to comprehend. Without pain there cannot be good? For all

its profundity that seems ridiculous. Let us consider for a moment two opposites such as heat and cold. Suppose there were no heat, would there be any cold? No, for without heat everything would be at a constant temperature, and, there being no contrasting factor on which to base one's decision, it would be impossible to determine whether an object was truly hot or cold. Take another example; if every man possessed Tyrone Power's physical features, certainly nobody would be ugly, and yet nobody would be handsome, for no basis for distinguishing between the two would exist. We can, I believe, draw a corollary from these examples and relate it to the question of good and evil.

Let us say that if one of two diametrically opposed quantities is abolished, the other cannot exist in its original state because definition by contrast is no longer possible. Thus, if evil (I'm using the word "evil" interchangeably with the word "pain") did not exist, how could we decide whether any one man was good or not? Having no opportunity to be evil, this man could not help but be good and thus, paradoxically, could not be good in the true sense. I'm not denying that he would be good in the sense that all his actions would ape the Lord's, but, since he exercised no choice in the matter, we might just as well say that he possessed the virtue of having ten fingers as the virtue of goodness.

Now let us relate this criticism back to Bellamy's novel. In "Looking Backward" evil is old hat. Because of improved social conditions, property gain is no longer a motive for misdemeanor, and thus, according to Bellamy, all crime that was able to endure the revolution comes to be treated as correctable disease. As a matter of fact, social conditions being what they are, the only way a man can demonstrate his love for his fellow men, the only way he can put such Christian virtues as mercy, charity, compassion, and self-sacrifice into use is by increasing his output of materials at the factory, and even then his



PAX VOBISCUM — *Sutton*



THE WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST — *Sutton*

contribution is quite minor. In fine, there are no longer saints, only automatons. This stagnation of perfectness in the field of virtue spreads out into other fields as well until it colors the utopian man's whole existence. As a ridiculous example, Bellamy's characters seldom play musical instruments, since the music of professional artists, constantly available through a device somewhat similar to radio, is so much finer. This latter statement may be true, but my interest in music would become purely mechanical unless I indulged in murdering a few compositions myself, albeit only on an imperfect ukelele. Bellamy does not say it in so many words, but I suspect that no one sings out loud in his society, because professional vocalists are so much more excellent. The height of this foolishness is Bellamy's statement that literature does not concern itself with pain or sorrow or tragedy in his utopia, since these no longer exist, but that love has become the sole subject of twenty-first century fiction. I may be shortsighted, but I'm sure that I wouldn't be able to wade through more than twenty-five pages of a work devoted

entirely to love. Great literature springs from tragedy, as Melville said, and even if it did not, tragedy would be needed to prevent the love theme from becoming unbearably monotonous.

And with this last adjective I think I can sum up my case against "Looking Backward's" ideal society. The mental and spiritual monotony of the Leete family's existence serves to eradicate the effect of many of Bellamy's accurate predictions. I would not want to say that a limited utopia is not possible on earth, one in which enough contrast is available to bring certain positive quantities into relief, but Bellamy's new machine age is, as I've said repeatedly before, just too perfect. Moreover, his attempt to liven up the Leete's way of life with such artifices as excellent music, manufactured, of course, be assembly-line musicians, and excellent literature, dealing invariably with idealized love, only accentuate my case, that complete utopia is for madmen, for madmen alone, can endure perfection.

—J. WARREN BARTLETT, II, '51

SNOWBERRIES

I am a snob.

I come from the Big State of Texas, the Empire State of New York, the Sunny State of Florida, the Rainless State of SOUTHERN California, and The Rebel State of Virginia. My home port is the Big-Time New York, Happy Phillie, Sunbaked Miami and Tampa, Windy Chicago, Sprawling L. A., Cowboy Fort Worth, Eli New Haven, Podunk Center, Arkansas, Political D. C., Burnt-Out Bar Harbor, and that wonderful little town of the Crooked Streets, Boston.

I am the "Rock". I wear my clothes bright; button-down shirt collars, hand-painted ties, racoon coat, argyle sox, windsor and bow ties, and leather tie clips. I take studies as a lark, something that takes up the morning, most of the afternoon and the evening, and keeps book companies and educators in business. Seldom, if ever, do I speak to a lower classman with whom I am not acquainted. I sleep in Chapel, wiggle in Assembly, and look out the window in English class. My room is a conglomerate store room for ski poles, pin-up girls, dirty clothes, pocketbook editions of popular novels, broken furniture, and a bed that is made once a week. My three-speed vic grinds out Goodman, Dorsey and Armstrong far into the night.

I am the athlete. I play, run, or participate in Football, Skiing, Tennis, Lacrosse, Outdoor and Indoor Track, Shooting, Cross Country, Soccer, Basketball, Swimming, Hockey, Wrestling, and Golf. I have that Varsity Limp and JV Swagger. I am the coaches' pet, pal, peeve, and first-to-be-cut. I win games by great margins, with little or no effort, and squeak by the finish-line a chest ahead of my opponent, only to fall exhausted a few yards farther on. I drop out in the heats because the wind wasn't blowing right, my fast ball always is too close, so the umps say, the line didn't open the hole at the right time, and someone in the balcony was booing. We lost that game because Coach didn't put me in at the right time. I either abhorre

the sight of a cigarette or sneak one late at night when it can't be seen that I'm breaking training. My room is covered with mementoes of my athletic prowess and athletic heroes: clippings of my best games, action photos, letter certificates dating back to grammar school, and photographs, clippings, and cartoons about great athletes running from Red Grange to Ted Williams, and from the Johnnies Marshall and MacLane back to Bill Tilden and Jim Thorpe. Ask me the attendance at the third game of the 1924 World Series, the salary of any professional baseball player, the number of times 15 feet has been cleared, and how long the winner of last year's Marathon has been running, and I'll give you the answer before you can say "Jackie Robinson".

I have culture. My three book-cases are filled with Homer, Shakespeare, Spencer and Newman. I am continually humming Bach, Beethoven, Gilbert and Sullivan or Chopin. My room is hung with paintings from the gallery: Picasso, Pollock, and reproductions from the masters. I go to every concert that the school allows students to attend. I am always seen carrying a truck-load of books. Extra-curricular activities are out for me. Too much time is taken this way in doing nothing about even less. I give History reviews, advice and help to all that want it, and to some who don't seem to appreciate it. I get to bed by 12:45 every night and get up about 5:30. I can study much better in the morning. A roommate? Never!! Another person couldn't stand the rugged schedule I keep; and a roommate makes noise or has visitors who do.

I hate to eat in the Commons. Everybody is in such a great rush to get nowhere and start rushing all over again. I never push in, run around, or make double the many lines formed through the school. My voice is never raised at a sporting event, even when the officials make a stupid decision. I try to keep as high in the esteem of the faculty as I can, and attempt

to make life easier for the first-year-men, who find many strange things in school life.

I am Valentino. Every day my letter box is filled to overflowing with correspondence from the feminine set the world over. My chief complaint is that the school won't assign a scholarship student to handle my mail. Taking a weekend in Manchester? Let me get volume seven of "New England Girl Addresses." Abbot? Listen, I run a blind date syndicate that works behind the scenes at both schools. My desk,

bureau, and mantle tops are crowded with pictures of my many loves. I spend all of my spare time writing to, telephoning to, thinking of, or talking about girls. I've had three invitations for the Vassar Winter Prom, but am turning them down to go to Smith for a weekend. By the way . . . did I ever tell you about the time that New York deb and I were riding when a thunderstorm ???

I am a snob.

I am the student body.

—EARL R. WARREN, '52



LINES IN A DIALOGUE

My dear:

 You are, I see,

The new Procrustes of a fairer sex.

You scissor my ideas to fit

Your arguments - - - -

Selecting

 (As birds for nests select

Particular straw)

The weaker sisters from my current fancies,

To alter them within my sight.

Thus meekly, they surrender their reality.

Unfair.....

.....

—STEPHEN CHARNAS, '52

MULE AGE

Adolescence has often been called the "mule age". At this stage of life the individual becomes aware of the fact that he has a mind and a will of his own. Sometimes over-impressed by this startling discovery, and bloated with a false sense of self-sufficiency and self-importance, teen-agers become as stubborn as mules at spring plowing, and often more difficult to reason with.

I suppose I'm in the middle of the "mule age" now. They say that everyone passes through it, so I'm not particularly embarrassed by being in it, but after an experience I had during the Christmas holidays, I hope I have passed the worst of the disease.

I got home from school late on the night of December 20th, and I was delighted to find that my family had strained itself and bought a new car. The car was not literally new, but still it was new for us. A new paint job had just been given it, and it had a new motor, new seat covers, and a good radio. Law! How my fingers did itch to get hold of that steering wheel! All the next morning while Dad was at work I had to stay around the house, with that shiny new car in the garage, just begging to be driven, as I didn't have a driver's license, although I was sure I could drive perfectly. Anyway, when Dad came home at dinner time I forced him to take me upstreet to the courthouse to get a driver's permit. Getting the learner's permit didn't take long, since it was my third one, (they expire after thirty days) and I knew the routine fairly well by this time. On the bleak courthouse walls were the same corny safety posters that had been up six months earlier, such as "Drive safely, the life you save may be your own!" and "Death is permanent — be careful", and the man issuing the permits gave his same lecture on safety. Finally Dad and I got out of the courthouse, and Dad let me drive the car home. The car was, a Dodge, and the gears were a lot different from my uncle's hydramatic job I drove last summer. I had a little trouble with it at first, but I soon

caught on. I said in effect to Dad that it wasn't hard to get used to driving another type of car once you had driven as much as I had. But I was really having a much harder time than I cared to let on to Dad. I believe he must have sensed my difficulty, because when we got out of the car and parked it at home Dad gave me one of his lectures, which I listened to with my usual amount of interest. Sensing my not very well hidden impatience, he got a little angry, and said in effect that I was as stubborn as a mule and he supposed I'd have to learn the hard way that an automobile was not a toy. My father also said that when I was behind the wheel I held in my hands the life of everyone in the car as well as the lives of passengers in other cars and pedestrians. He ended our little chat by forbidding me to drive the car without him along.

Well, this was sure a pretty come off! Imagine, after coming all the way from Massachusetts, to have to drive with Dad all Christmas. Thoroughly frustrated, I went into the house and started telephoning friends. After an hour or so I tired of gabbing and wanted to go see people. So I nagged Mother to let me have the car keys. She didn't want to at first, but finally she gave in. I didn't tell her that Dad had forbidden me to drive without him. She let me take the car on the condition that Bill Gordon, one of my best friends, go along. Having Bill along suited me fine, since I had already told him that I would come by and pick him up.

I got Bill in the car, and then we went by to get Margaret. Margaret is a cute-looking girl, but completely fogbound. Bill said to her as he helped her into the car, "Margaret, you're taking your life in your hands when you ride with Tommy," and Margaret replied, "Why, Tommy is a good driver; just look at the way he handles this car."

I drove out of the city limits, (which was only three blocks — the town I live in is a small one) and down the old Pageland Road, so that I wouldn't meet much traffic, and so we could



TWO SAVED AND ONE LOST AWAIT THE DOCTOR — *R. F. Thompson*

still have a fairly scenic drive. I was being so very, very careful. Gosh, it sure was a grand feeling to be driving again, with no lessons, or themes, or stuff to worry about. Ten miles out in the country I decided to let her out (the car) and see what she would do. As I pressed on the accelerator the speedometer crept up to 25 miles per hour, then to 30, 35, and finally 45 miles per hour. Bill and Margaret were having a lively conversation, so I slowed down to thirty and listened. Then I got interested and joined in, and we exchanged the latest gossip. I was busy talking and really not paying too much attention to the road, and then it happened. I still like to think sometimes that it didn't happen, but I know it did. I have a scar to prove it. I do not know quite how to describe what happened next, it was so awfully awful, but I'll try. It won't be the first time I've tried to explain the incident, but I'll give it to you straight from the shoulder.

As I was saying, I was talking like mad, and

not paying too much attention to the road, when I glanced up and in a flash realized that I was off the road on the dirt shoulder and heading for a mail box. Beyond the mail box was a deep ravine; I saw the speedometer and I was going forty. Margaret, who was in the middle, screamed at me that I was going to have a wreck. Bill screamed, too. They were both yelling at me. I got terrifically excited, and tried to get the car back on the road. I think I must have got the footfeed confused with the brakes, because suddenly we were going extremely fast. I turned the car, but too sharply; there was an awful shriek of the tires, and the car shot diagonally across the road to the other shoulder. As we were about to plunge into a pond, I again cut sharply, and back the car swerved to the other side of the road and straight for the ravine. Once more I attempted to turn, but it was no use. It all happened so quickly. We were plunging over a steep cliff. Margaret and Bill were screaming, and we were being thrown around,

and the car went over and over, and there was that horrible sound of crashing metal and breaking glass which characterizes automobile wrecks.

Regaining my senses, I found myself prostrated on the ceiling of the car, with two badly shattered windshields staring me in the face. The car was upside down. With all the heavy cushions on top of me in the crushed car I could not budge. My arms were free, and I tried to reach up and open a badly-bent door, but I couldn't. Then I remembered I had had some people in the car with me. What of Margaret and Bill?

I was petrified for fear I had killed them. Before I was able to cry out Margaret's shaky voice inquired, "Are all y'all all right?" We found that we were, and we also found that we could not get out. It seemed as if we were helplessly trapped in the overturned machine until some motorist or passer-by would help us. Margaret then began to get almost hysterical; she screamed that the car was going to explode if I didn't cut off the motor, but not being able to reach the car keys, I couldn't cut off the engine. Anyway the engine was not running. We yelled and yelled for help, but none came. Margaret began to cry, and I was feeling mighty low. You can imagine my vulnerable position, having taken our new car out against Dad's orders and without a driver's license, and then having an awful, awful wreck. I was mighty lucky that I wouldn't be held for manslaughter. At long last Bill succeeded in squeezing out of a window and then he forced a door open and got Margaret.

There then remained the problem of getting me out. After they pried the cushions out I was able to drag myself from the wreckage, and I then found I had a gash on my knee. Margaret also had a cut knee. We were sure a battered and dishelved-looking crew. We climbed out of the ravine and onto the road and there surveyed the mangled mass of steel and chrome that had been our new car, and marveled that we were still alive. On the way down the car had knocked down two pine trees and a fence. The automobile looked so strange lying with its belly skyward, and the four wheels sticking up . . . sorta reminded me of a giant sea turtle, flat on its back, helpless. No car passed by to give us a lift into town. I asked Margaret how she was,

and she said, "I'm all right, but I'm sure I have internal injuries. Tommy Dove, I want you to take me to the doctor right this minute for a check up."

As I surveyed the wreckage, and the two friends I had nearly killed, it dawned on me what a complete damned fool I had been to insist on driving the car without a license. I realized too late that my Dad was so very correct when he told me that behind the wheel I held the lives of everyone in the car in my hands. He was also right when he said that I was a stubborn, hard-headed jackass who would have to learn the hard way. I realized how very wrong I had been so many times before in trying to have my own way, and that I had a pretty sensible father after all. But, Gosh, I sure did dread going back and breaking the news to my parents. I feared the worst; however, my situation could have been worse. How could I have ever told the parents of Margaret and Bill that I had killed their only children?

Coming so close to death, that thing which always happens to other people, I further realized how insignificant, how inconsequential, and minor a fact it would have been had I been killed. As I was having the wreck, and plunging down the cliff, there was no doubt in my mind but that I would die. I was positive it was the end. Instead of praying, though, or having some great philosophical truth flash over my mind in life's last moment, I had only a feeling of supreme self-disgust. Involuntarily I swore, "Damnit to hell." Why I resorted to profanity in that crucial moment I don't know. I guess I lost control of myself as well as the car.

Well, finally, we got a ride back into town. I couldn't find Mother or Dad for quite a while, and then I located Mother on the telephone. I was afraid from the sound of her voice when I told her what I had done that she was going to have a heart attack or something before I could get home. Dad heard about it upstreet, and he rushed home, fearing I had killed someone. The family didn't say much though. They were just kinda hurt and disappointed in their son. We got a wrecker, and went out to get the car. Because of the steepness of the ravine the wrecker couldn't extricate the car, so it was dragged out in a round about way through a



cotton patch. A junk dealer gave Dad a hundred dollars for it. The family is walking now.

I have really learned my lesson. Believe me, the next time my father tells me something, I am going to listen to it and abide by it. Para-

doxically, it appears that parents do know best after all, despite their children's wise and enlightened scepticism.

—THOMAS C. DOVE, JR., '51

FUTILITY

Each day I am becoming more attached
to the rags with
which I wash
the floor.
Wash the floor, evermore
Scrub and scrub, evermore
And when I finish, some one
will dirty my clean
floors.
Wash the floor, evermore
evermore.

—JON RATTÉ, '53

BEACH SCENE

Blue sky, green water, white sand
And a bright red crab scuttling to his home in
the black rocks.
Blue sky, empty but for one huge ball of cotton;
Ball of cotton in a nurse's hand, caressing a face
too tender to scrub.
Green water, rushing towards the shore and
spattering the rocks with milk;
Milk, spilt on the kitchen floor and left for the
cat to lap up.
White sand, trickling through brown fingers and
catching the sun with unnumbered diamonds;

Diamonds, not glass beads, about a slender
throat, reflecting the light of eager eyes.
Bright red crab, scurrying home and pausing to
wave one little hand;
Little hand, stretched tense above the bed, then
gripping tight with little strength.
Black rocks, resting silent, motionless, choked
with black faces,
Heedless of the blue sky, the green water, the
white sand and the bright red crab scuttling
home.

—ROBERT BACHNER, '51

DEPRESSING ETERNITY

Oct. 11

Now that I have the solution I hardly know what to do with it. I think perhaps I should write it down in orderly fashion, for although each day's efforts were jotted down at the time, the record is unorganized and not complete.

Everything started the day I first thought of the bells. They had rung ever since I could remember. They rang on each hour and seven minutes after each hour. Until that day, which was August 17 of this year, I had never given the bells any thought. Even in my childhood I had heard them and taken them for granted. I was walking back to my quarters after borrowing a book from Richards when it happened. I heard the bells and for some reason I stopped quite suddenly and asked myself why they were there and why they rang.

They served no apparent purpose. There was a sort of anti-climax about them. They rang loudly for a minute and then stopped and nothing happened. I found myself waiting for some sort of action, for someone to come in answer to the summons. But nothing happened and no one ever came. The bells shattered the silence for a moment and then it rolled back again covering everything. Alone I could think of no explanation for their presence. That night at dinner I asked other members of the group. No one seemed to have an answer although several admitted having idly considered the matter. There were some wild theories, but there were only two points on which we could agree; that they were relics from the past; and that they had been used to signal someone.

For weeks after that night I kept the problem in mind and mentioned it again to other people, but to no avail. The solution came to-day with great suddenness after nearly two months of fruitless search. This morning one leg of the chair in my study pulled out. Having nothing with which to repair it in my quarters I decided to look in the cellar of the hall in which I live, for a hammer and some nails. No-

body had been down into that dark level for some time and my suit was covered with cobwebs and dirt before I had gone more than a few steps down the stairs. Only one small light turned on when I flipped the switch, and in my search I kept tripping over bundles of papers and broken furniture.

Looking for the tools seemed a hopeless task and after a search I turned to go. However, since the cellar was dark and I had been looking for quite a while I was unable to find the stairs. I stumbled around blindly for several minutes, kicking bundles and walking in a cloud of dust. Finally I stopped under the one light and sat down. Peering out into the darkness I could see nothing but a few dim shapes. At my feet was a pile of what seemed to be magazines. I picked one up and after blowing some of the dust off it, I was able to read the title—Catalogue of the Wheelwright School Summer Session. Leafing through it I saw that it was put out by some private school and dealt mostly with the courses offered to students. I was about to put it down when I came upon a photograph of what apparently was a dormitory. It looked familiar and I looked down at the name printed below it. It said "the new Marshall Hall." It was then that I first began to guess the truth about the whole problem, for the picture was of the hall in which I lived. Frantically I searched through the book for more pictures. I came upon two more towards the end, and both were recognizable as buildings nearby. Quickly I searched among the other magazines at my feet and found two more, the Wheelwright Alumni Bulletin and Wheelwright School annual report. I grabbed them and the summer session book and once again set out to look for the stairs. After a ten minute search I found them and ran for my room.

Covered with dirt and dust I flung myself in a chair and looked through the bulletins. I studied them for the rest of the day and far into the night.

I have just finished reading the last of them, and have guessed the truth which I am now writing down as a record. This group of buildings in which we live was once a school for boys and we, the descendants of the faculty of that school have forgotten its existence. This explains the bells which were probably just signals to call people to classes. It also explains the coat of arms stamped on the silverware and painted on the walls of the library. I have not been able to find a definite reason for the desertion of the school, although it may be explained by a letter from an alumnus which is quoted in the annual report. The letter charged that the yearly drop in the number of students was due to the school's reactionary policy, a policy which was unable to adapt itself to changing conditions. He also said that the school was retreating further and further into the past until it was in danger of fading away altogether.

Oct. 15

Today I have made a decision. I will leave the grounds of the school and go down into the town which one can see farther along the road that runs by the school. My mind was made up by a visit I paid to Jenkins. He is the oldest member of what I shall now call the faculty, and is almost an invalid. As I sat in his cold room which was full of piled books and dirt, I realized that what had happened to the school was happening to us. One by one we were retreating further and further within ourselves until some of us like Jenkins became almost completely

unthinking. It is nearly impossible to talk with Jenkins because he cannot keep his now childish mind on one thought very long.

Another thing which hampers conversation is his inability to speak English well. For years he and several other members had spoken Latin as a hobby, but he had taken it seriously and by now had forgotten almost all the English he ever knew. Hardly anyone ever sees him and all he has are his Virgil and his Horace, both of which he has now almost memorized. As I left his room a panic hit me. Suppose I was getting like that? I suddenly saw that I had to get away, to escape, I haven't told anyone else, either of the school or of my plan, but tomorrow I'm going to flee.

Oct. 16

It rained today. I'll make my break tomorrow.

Oct. 17

Lowell came over and talked with me this afternoon, so I'll go tomorrow.

Oct. 20

I didn't feel very well today I'll go tomorrow.

Oct. 21

Maybe I'd better wait a few more days and then go.

Oct. 25

The days are getting colder now, possibly I'll wait until spring.

—M. CHAPMAN, '53

THE SCAPE-GOAT

The position of the Lower Middler at Phillips Academy is unique; he is neither fish, bird nor beast. Although he is too far advanced in rank and ability to receive the special treatment of a Junior, he is not yet sufficiently sophisticated to be a functioning part of the school. He returns to Andover in the Fall of his second year, infinitely proud of his ascension from Williams Hall, only to have his pride crushed by the universal lack of interest shown in his accomplishment. Ignored and frustrated by the school community, he is just a Lower.

Stripped of the solace and shelter of proctors and segregation, the Lower Middlers are herded and compressed into box-like, impersonal, little houses. Here eight or ten semi-formed individuals live in each other's pockets for weeks on end. Any pent-up natural force must find a vent or explode.

The Lower needs a feeling of importance, and a feeling of superiority, but most of all he wants to be part of a group; he misses the unifying effect of the common fight of all Juniors against the immensity of Phillips Academy. All of his wants are satisfied for him in the person of the dormitory "queer", who acts both as a solidifying common enemy, and a buoy for sunken pride.

The "queer" is a citizen of every Lower dorm; from each segment of the class one unfortunate is singled out as a "goat". The "good guys" in his dorm are bound together in a firm union dedicated to his torment. The little boy whose lot it is to serve as safety valve for the penned up emotions of his peers, provides the greatest part of the Lower Middler's social life. The "queer" can do no right; his every action invites ridicule. His words are snatched up and passed from camp to camp by the "good guys" in the class. By this bucket line of gossip, he is robbed of any dignity or peace on the campus. The misfit must exist under a blanket of ridicule every minute of every day. He *has* no escape.

To him who is judged "queer", five or six

fifteen years olds are all powerful. They control him. Just boredom on their part may bring on a horrible experience for him. An apparently small act like the dumping of a bed, or the tying of a few well placed knots, may lift a great burden from the stagnating souls of his unconscious torturers, but to him it is a shattering experience. It is not the minor destruction which hurts him, but the deep unconscious insult of it. This little boy, who is in some small way different from his comrades, is suffering the worst possible pain; he is having his pride lacerated. If the torment had behind it a little real maliciousness; if he were considered worthy of real hate, the pain would not be so agonizing. It is the fact that he is no more than a plaything, a sentient punching bag, which racks him. To be held worthy of hate a person must be able to *give pain*. There is nothing that a "queer" can do; once he is branded a scape-goat he is helpless. The unfortunate boy is usually as small in stature as in prestige. He cannot hope for physical revenge, and any verbal defense is met by laughing disaster.

This pitiful creature cannot defend himself from his torturers, nor can he avoid them; therefore he usually joins them. He tries to laugh with his tormentors. He knows, usually from experience, that any show of annoyance is fatal. His tacit acceptance of, or even co-operation in, his own ridicule is used against him, but it is better than encouraging fresh scourges with rebuttal. His emotions are therefore bottled up within him; he represses the only natural relief he might have.

The "queer" is no more than a creature in a cage. It is assumed that he has no feelings. When a fly's wings are torn off, any number of leagues of busybodies will scream that *it* is feeling great pain. After all it is buzzing and twitching with all its powers. But what of the insect-like creature who is not credited with the sensitivity of a fly? He makes no show of pain; he only huddles down all the more under the methodical tor-

ture. He makes no cry; he appears to enjoy the game. Does he not smile in his humiliation? He is too simple to be aware of any pain; he's a "queer".

This whipping boy is the most pathetic creature I have ever encountered. The pounding reality that he is no more than a rusty can to be kicked in idleness, does strange things to a "queer". His every emotion is bottled up in his whirling thoughts. The tormented spleen built up by a thousand small digs cannot escape his mind and so must exhaust itself by slamming against his tortured brain. He *imagines* his escape. In his mind is built a sanctuary of violence. Here he pictures himself thrashing his tormentors; he feels the twitching of muscles he will never possess as he heaps humiliation upon his battered foes. These visions he has whenever he remembers or anticipates some indignity. They are his sole comfort.

I remember in my Lower year a dormitory "queer" who was held at arm's length from a third story window by some of his more muscular peers. He was suspended in air, completely helpless. His torturers took turns holding their dangling plaything. Like children teasing a

caged puppy they swung him and tickled him into panic. His helplessness must have been unbearable. I believe that then, even when he was in the greatest possible physical danger, he was most hurt by his shame and humiliation. The pricking fact that these "normal" boys were *capable* of holding him suspended in air; powerless, dependent upon them for his very life, did him more harm than any bodily injuries he might have sustained.

After that his attention, his entire being, focused on that window. It was plumb with the floor and on the landing of a dark staircase. His day-dreams tended toward homicidal visions of "happy, normal" Lower Middlers falling from that window. He was engulfed by the hideously comforting vision of himself pushing his chief torturer from it. His only joy in life was the look of horrified respect he imagined upon the face of his falling victim.

Two of us once saw him standing at the head of that staircase, just staring happily at the window. It seemed very silly to us, but after all—he was a "queer".

—STEPHEN BOOTH, '51

REVELATION

I once thought New England was quaint.

It ain't.

—DAVID R. SLAVITT, '52

NOTES ON CRITICISM OF DRAMA

Since the majority of people find it easier to absorb their pleasure from the spoken word rather than the written, it is necessary for a play to be produced before it becomes known to any wide degree. This is an obvious fact. When this happens, in order that the memory be fresh when the criticism is made, the play has to be judged by first impression. Now the public eye is made up of the collective opinion of various individuals. That is to say that when enough of these individuals are emotionally moved either by the comic, tragic, or musical element, then the play becomes a success. A critic tries to go a little further than the public and does so by viewing the play from the literary or musical aspect and then emphasizing the construction of the piece rather than the first sensuous impression. The public reacts from sheer emotional enjoyment and then pronounces the work "good" or "bad", whereas the critic has to find the things to be criticized (whether the criticism be favorable or not) and thus look at the play from almost every angle.

At any rate, whether the criticism comes from the man who views the play for enjoyment or from the man who views it for his business, the final opinion is always of the all-encompassing nature; i.e., the opinion deals with the play as a whole, and therefore treats only briefly each separate phase. This brevity of course is necessary since the natural impatience of people prompts them to avoid any long exposition, to say nothing of one on the merits of a play which they have never seen. To retain interest therefore, the brevity itself must be retained. This same brevity nevertheless, is extremely regrettable, in that, for the sake of brevity, there are sacrificed many factors which make a play what it is. Things such as specific bits of dialogue, specific actions, and the more minute intracast relations which help us to appreciate the character and his conflicts, are all omitted in the brief report.

In contrast to these generally brief reviews, it is often profitable, especially in a play of a

"deeper" nature than the ordinary, to go further than the surface alone in trying to determine the author's mind and purpose. This does not entail a study of the play in the manner it is taken up in the English class, for the English teacher generally has his own views and will tend to lead the student awry when a free and uninfluenced study is desired (it is assumed that anyone studying a play in such a manner will have the native intelligence to reach conclusions that are based on sensible thought). The study should, however, be done in leisure and without the threat of "right-or-wrong" which, in an English class, often obliterates the perfectly valid idea of the student.

Take, as an example of one of the aforementioned "deeper" plays, Tennessee William's *The Glass Menagerie*. Laura Wingfield, at first glance, is just the ordinary cripple, and it therefore follows that she is somewhat of a recluse. However, we have evidence nowadays that a cripple with a certain amount of initiative can make a reasonable success of him or herself. What then is it that prompts Laura to shelter herself in her own home with her two inanimate friends, old phonograph records and a "glass menagerie" or collection of little glass animals? When we ask this question, we get out of the ordinary realm of play comprehension and bring ourselves to consider the play more thoroughly than the public considers it and likewise more thoroughly than the critic writes about it. Let us now answer the question which we have posed.

Laura is unfortunately the victim of her mother's "search-for-daughter's-happiness" complex. It is not in the search for happiness that mother Amanda lies at fault, but in her method of reaching her ends. She has, first of all, been too abundantly concerned over her daughter and has thus done too much of Laura's planning. Her sending Laura to secretarial school, and the girl's eventual departure from that institution are a product of the over-concerned policy of the mother toward her child. Amanda's

second mistake (which is closely related to the first) lies in the fact that she reminisces to a very unfortunate extent. By this "living in the past" she also hurts her daughter who, in a different age and different environment, cannot hope to follow the paths that have been set down by her mother's mental souvenirs.

The foregoing are examples of character actions, the actions which tell us what's really going on in the play. First, these actions aid us in understanding the characters; then the realness of the characters enables us to apply the situations which they face to real people. We can say then that the study of a play involves closely the motives and actions of the people around us, and thus enables us to understand them. Such a close relationship between the characters on stage and us ourselves cannot help but increase our enjoyment and, at the same time, educate us (to be trite) in "the ways of life".

We move now from the action to the dialogue phase of the argument. For this there is no better example than that of the up-to-date *All About Eve*, Joseph Mankiewicz's screen play. There seems to be one thing, more than any other, which sets this play up for the success it is; that is the twist which is common to most successful stories. This "common twist" is, in itself, uncommon. It deals mainly with the increasing enmity of two women, Eve and Margo. This is nothing new, but let us examine further. Eve is at first kind and thoughtful, but, by her very thoughtfulness toward Margo's fiancé, incurs her wrath. Margo's resulting bitterness and smallness of character give us at first a certain abounding sympathy for Eve. But when the final showdown comes, we perceive that the "sweet", "thoughtful" Eve is the true hellion and has been doing a glorious job of acting. Our dialogue angle seems to have been lost, but when we see how the dialogue subtly exposes these actions, we realize at once its pervading importance.

In this case study can be made by noting bits of dialogue and then using a certain amount of retrospect. At one point Margo Channing, who eventually becomes the "good" heroine of the

piece, forgets her fiancé's birthday. It is Eve (the eventual villain) who helpfully reminds Margo of the holiday and states matter-of-factly that she (Eve) has sent the young man a telegram herself. This seems pretty innocent at the first reading, and it is not until the finish that we realize that the telegram was only to "get in good" with the fiancé. This little episode is only one of the many contributing factors which gather to prove, as the play moves along, that Eve is mercenary, selfish, and ungrateful. A second example of the importance of the dialogue occurs when Eve is expounding on Miss Channing's generosity in taking her in and giving her a job. Eve's little speech here is a masterpiece of hypocrisy, as we again see at the end. Aside from these specific examples there is always Eve's masterful lying which continues until we are shown that she is cheap and self-seeking.

Once again we discover something about ourselves when the characters show us how they act and what they say under certain stresses. However, the one drawback to this aspect of play study is that the writer must be a good one. He must have studied carefully the ways of people, and their oral reactions to different situations. When a good playwright does this, the resulting work is art; when a poor playwright tries to do it, he is merely adding to the huge pile of insignificant drama.

In this article I have set down certain of my ideas in criticizing drama. The specific ideas of action and dialogue are only phases and form only the barest skeleton of possible criticism. The idea however has been to tear the reader away from a purely surface opinion which is generally derived the moment the book is closed. The object here has been to get the reader to retrace, form bases for opinions, and hypothesize on the aspects of the play. If this is accomplished then an education has been made. We may speak often and highly about culture while sneering at Philistinism, but culture cannot be maintained on the snap judgment. The very existence of culture depends on investigation.

—JAMES J. PATES, JR., '51

LEAF

Small brown body whose veins stand out,
The fire consumes you not for any deed;
For when I found you pressed between two leaves
And withered so, I wanted you free
Ascend in smoke and plant yourself in ashes,
For you must feed your progeny,
And leave my book to prompt our nature,
By your sacrifice, soon to use me.

—G. GILLESPIE, '51

ELECTROLYSIS

(A Greek Tragedy, written originally in the English translation.)

CHORAL ODE

Let us praise the many named god, (strophe)
And sing our praises to his many names,
Phoebus, Loxias, Apollo, I do not know what name would suit him best,
And since I know not what to call him,
I find it difficult to raise my voice in prayer.
Great god, whose name as yet remains in doubt, (antistrophe)
Content yourself awhile with anonymity,
Hyperion, Helios, Lycian god, do not make me choose a name in haste,
For my inability to come to a decision,
Is but because I cannot yet decide.
O Pythagorean Theorem, challenge to all who find it difficult, (strophe)
Mystery to those who do not understand it,
Unknown to those who know it not,
You, too, are subject to divine revision.
Men of Argos, wondrous city inhabited by the Argives, (antistrophe)
Attempt not to understand this theorem,
For it will be in vain,
Only the gods can comprehend it.

ACT I

(enter Lyaste)

Lyaste: Oh, oh, my fate, more horrible to contemplate than to endure.
My brother, Polychos, is dead, killed by the very hand that slew
him,
And left in several pieces to adorn the ground.
Oh ye gods take pity.

Chorus: Take heart brave maiden and be cheered by what I am about
to say.
Remember cursed Oedipus, whose self-inflicted blindness re-
sulted in his loss of sight,
And Agamemnon, who, expecting to be bathed was murdered
in its stead.
His disappointment was too much for him to bear.
Take courage girl, your fate is no worse than these.

Lyaste: Your words are reassuring, and yet I weep.

(enter Polychos)

- Polychos: Your wailings lack both reason and necessity.
- Lyaste: A tasteless remark, for I do mourn my dead brother, Polychos.
- Polychos: What you say bears great resemblance to untruth.
- Lyaste: Explain yourself in words more roundabout.
- Polychos: Formality, here, must give way to directness.
Your mourning is in vain.
- Lyaste: Do I infer from that, that Polychos my brother lives?
- Polychos: Lacking divine powers, I cannot tell what you infer,
But if that be your inference, it is not unlike the truth.
- Chorus: Mark well his words, Lyaste, for they may bear direct relation
to this conversation.
- Lyaste: Stranger, to know these facts you must yourself be friend or
relative of my brother.
- Polychos: Again you fall not distant from the mark of truth.
- Lyaste: Who are you; what is your name?
- Polychos: It is a name which you have said a thousand times.
- Lyaste: Your pardon while I pause now to enumerate.
- Chorus: While she stops to think this problem out, I would venture forth
some words.
Hear me and what I have to say,
But if you do not do so, I shall be forced to raise my voice.
Your statements bear investigation, for, if they should be proven
true,
It will mean that I have been mistaken.
- Polychos: Make haste, girl, with your enumeration, for time is of the
utmost.
- Lyaste: There's but one name that could be thus described.
It is that of my brother Polychos.
- Chorus: An answer more revealing than expected.
- Lyaste: Can you be my brother?
- Polychos: Your conjecture is not entirely without basis.
- Lyaste: Your face bears some resemblance to his.
- Polychos: If I be he, this statement is quite likely true.
- Lyaste: My joy is one that only great Apollo could describe.
- Chorus: Then attempt it not yourself, for that would, to be sure, most
certainly, be hybris.

—MORRIS GOODMAN, '51





DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT

An old car had been added to the train to absorb the extra passengers that were expected at Springville. The one hundred odd vacationers that boarded the *Manhattan* at Springville noticed the old empty car, but most of them got on the new cars. The new cars were almost filled, and only a few men and women found a seat.

Larry Schiff was one of the first.

Although Larry rapidly pushed his way through three crowded cars before he found a seat, his manner and clothes were as unruffled as when he started. His clothes were so sharply cut, and his hair was so shiny that he gave one the impression he spent all his spare time buying and pressing clothes and combing and polishing his hair. Larry stopped at the seat right before the smoking section of the car. A thin man in an inexpensive blue suit sat next to the window reading the New York *Daily Mirror*. Dark shadows spread out beneath the slightly prominent cheek bones of his thin face. The man was somewhere between twenty and thirty.

"Anybody sitting here?" Larry asked.

The man glanced up at Larry's striped jacket and took up a section of the paper that had been lying on the seat. He brushed some crumbs onto the floor, placed the paper on his lap, and returned to his reading.

New Yorkers do not pay much attention to their fellow travellers. They look at them only long enough to determine their sex, wealth, and whether or not they will take up a lot of room on a seat.

Larry put his suitcase next to the seat and sat down.

"Did you forget me so soon, Eddie?" Larry said without turning his head toward the man. The man looked up from his paper.

"Larry! Larry Schiff. How are you Larry?" They shook hands. "For the love Mike, how do you expect me to recognize you in all them fancy clothes," he said, running his hand along Larry's lapel. "And a gold tie clip, no less."

Larry grinned. "Well I - -"

"You haven't been doing anything bad have you," Ed rushed on. "You're still on the right side of the law aren't you?"

Larry burst out laughing. "Come now Eddie, do you think I'm that kind of a guy?"

"No, Larry. Only I don't see — Where're you working now?"

"Where do you think Eddie? See if you can guess."

"Oh, I don't know." Ed scratched his head. "You quit the elevator job just last year. That's why I don't see how you can be in the chips so soon. Unless maybe you've been at the races — but I don't remember you ever talking about the horses. Maybe some relative dropped dead and left you a couple thousand or something - -"

"I should be so lucky," Larry chuckled.

"Gosh, I don't know. Where are you?"

"Give up easy, don't you? Well, I'm working for Alberts & Dezing. It's a dress making firm. I sell their dresses. I go around to the buyers and try to make them think ours' are best."

"Oh. Well, what are you pulling down?"

"Eighty-three," Larry said quietly.

"Eighty-three? A week?"

"Yuh," said Larry taking a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. "Ah, have a smoke Ed?"

"Eighty-three smackers", Ed said. He slapped his hand on his brow. "How the hell did you ever work that," he said very slowly and evenly. "Why you was working with me just last year. You was earning forty-seven a week, just like I was."

Larry held the pack in front of Ed's face.

"Oh oh, thanks Larry, but you have to go in there when you want a smoke." Ed pointed to the glass partition in front of them, "And I think all the seats are taken now."

"Don't be silly," Larry said opening his cigarette lighter. "I can smoke right here."

"But it ain't allowed. They announced it over the loudspeaker. The guy said to use the smoking section of the car when you want to smoke."

"Don't worry about it," Larry said lighting a cigarette. "Some of their smoke comes out here, and some of mine goes in there. What's the difference?"

"I don't know. I wouldn't do it."

"That's the trouble with guys like you, Eddie. You never do anything. They's why - -"

"Yeah yeah—well, let's get back to your job. You didn't tell me how you got on the payroll of this Alberts place."

Larry released the lever on the side of his chair and leaned back.

"I was just coming to that," he said. "When I quit the elevator job, I went to work as a dispatch boy at Rhienholder & Sons — that's another garment firm. I delivered papers. To the shipping department, the accounting department—you know."

"Why that pays less than my job, don't it?"

"That's right, Ed," Larry said patiently, "But at least I had a chance of raising myself up. You Eddie, all you—"

"Yeah, all a guy can do in my job is to raise himself from an operator to a starter. But in your kind of job if a guy works pretty hard they'll give him a raise soon. That's it, huh?"

Larry smiled to himself. "No, Eddie, I'm afraid it isn't. Sure, it used to be that way. The honest guy that started at the bottom and worked hard got ahead. Made the top. You know what most of the up-right guys get today for knocking themselves out for a firm? After twenty-five years they get a medal. Do they get a promotion? No. They get a medal."

"Then how come you got ahead so fast?"

"Well, I got wise to the fact that some of the papers I carried around were pretty important, and I figured some rival company might be interested in what was in 'em. Alberts & Dezning were—"

"Did did, you really do that, Larry?"

Larry smiled to himself. "There're over three hundred thousand people in the garment industry in New York City. Sure, some of these people are satisfied with their positions, but there're an awful lot who want to get ahead. There're maybe —"

"Get your tickets ready, please." An elderly conductor stood in the doorway. Larry dropped his cigarette on the floor and stepped on it. The

conductor began looking at the red ticket receipts of the people in the smoking section.

"Maybe a hundred top positions. That makes a lot of people you have to climb over. It's like that in all businesses. Just the other day I heard some guy say nobody wants to be President of the U. S. any more, he'd rather be President of U. S. Steel. Everybody's out for himself. Everybody —"

"Ticket please."

Larry took his wallet out of his jacket.

"You two been smoking?"

"Why, no we haven't," Larry said looking up. "It's against the law isn't it?"

"Seems to be a lot of smoke around this seat."

"I know. It comes from in there." Larry handed his ticket to the conductor.

"There doesn't seem to be so much across the aisle," the conductor said, punching the ticket.

"I guess the draft from the door blows it over here." Larry looked the conductor straight in the eyes. The conductor cleared his throat. He handed a red ticket to Larry.

"Is that your bag?"

"Yes."

"Well get it out of the aisle, please. It's blocking the way."

"The shelf is all crowded, conductor, and there isn't enough space in front of our seat."

The conductor looked at the shelf over Ed's head and then at the one across the aisle.

"Well, put it up there."

"I beg your pardon."

"I said there's plenty of room up there," the conductor said pointing to the shelf. Larry didn't move.

"It isn't too heavy for you, is it now? I don't want you to strain yourself."

"Oh, no no no. It's just that I'm afraid of the damn thing. It bites. It's tried to bite me twice—"

"Well, get it out of the way."

"Don't worry about it conductor." Larry got up very slowly and put the suitcase away.

Larry sat down again and was silent for a moment.

"Where you been this vacation?" Ed asked.

"Oh, I've been up at Wildwood. It's one of

the lodges they got for us garment people. Bout four hundred people up there. It's a great little place."

"I guess that's why they stopped so long at the last stop."

"Yeah, well they don't all go back by train. Some of 'em—"

"What do you do up there?"

"Everything. They got swimming, golf, dancing—"

"Any nice girls?"

"Millions."

"How did you make out."

"You know me Eddie. Say, where you been?"

"I was up staying with the family of my wife-to-be. I hope."

"No kidding. You really going to be married?"

"It's pretty definite. How about you, Larry?"

Larry quickly glanced at his wrist-watch.

"Yeah, well I'll hear all about it when I get back. I think I'll get me some chow now."

"There's a single." The hostess held up one finger.

"Right here." Larry stepped forward.

The hostess led Larry to a table for two where a young lady was finishing her dessert. Her blond hair was dyed, and she wore too much make-up, but this did not conceal the fact that her features were not beautiful.

"How do I come to deserve you, Larry?"

"Don't talk like that," Larry said examining the menu.

"If anyone's to complain it's me."

"Believe me, it's quite a change to be with you. I've just been sitting next to a beautiful red-head," Larry said, "and her head isn't dyed, Gywen." He chopped the words off carefully.

Larry picked up the pad and wrote out his order.

"Say Larry," Gywen said sweetly, "I hear you've been up at Wildwood."

"So?"

"So, I hear you didn't do so well."

"Me? You're crazy. I never did better in my life. I met a beautiful dish. She—"

"Don't make me laugh."

"Are you nuts? So help me. I never did—"

"Who are you trying to kid, Larry? Her name was Eileen. Eileen Martin. You made a big play for her, Larry. Spent a lot of dough. And then at the end she wasn't there, Larry. She disappeared, Larry. She—"

"You're absolutely crazy," Larry raised his voice.

"You're all upset, Larry. You sound cross, and you're supposed to be all rested up from the vacation, and ready to work again. You don't seem—"

"Do you have your order, sir?" the waitress asked.

Larry handed her the pad.

"I'm ready for my check," Gywen said. The waitress tore it off and placed it face down on the table. Gywen opened her pocket book and took out some money. "I'm going to tell everybody back at the office about you, Larry." She started to get up.

"Wait." Larry put his hand on her arm.

"For what?" she snapped.

"I, I just thought I'd like to pay your check."

"Do you by any chance think you can—"

"No," Larry said calmly. "I just remembered I owe you a buck from last month. Remember?"

"Alright then, go ahead and pay," she said picking up her money. "But I'm still going to—"

"Sure. Go on. They won't believe you."

"They will. Brother just you wait." Gywen got up and left the table. The waitress returned with Larry's food. She set the plates down.

"Where's the money?" she said lifting up Gywen's discarded napkin.

"What money?"

"Why the lady's money. The one who was eating here."

"Is it under the plate?" Larry said biting into a sandwich. The waitress looked, and hurried to the end of the car. Gywen was just entering the next car. They talked a moment and the waitress came back to Larry. People turned and looked at Larry's table.

"She says you're paying the bill. She says you said—"

Larry stared at the waitress. "Of all the — Why, why I never saw her before in my life." The waitress returned to Gywen at the end of

the car. Gywen started to walk toward Larry's table. She stopped. Everyone was looking at her. She turned around hurriedly, paid some money, and left. The hostess came over to Larry. "Sir, I'm terribly sorry about all this. We get people like that every so often and we have to chase

them all the way through the train sometimes. It's just terrible. I'm awfully—"

"I'm surprised they think they can get away with it," Larry said. "But everything's O. K. now, so please don't worry about it."

—MARK PIEL, '51

TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG

Let not one rudely sneer at
The work involved in social track
For half the work is walking out
The other half is walking back.

—MORRIS GOODMAN, '51

THE TALE OF A WHALE

While the wife swims around over yonder,
The fish is content just to wander,
Over eggs that she lays,
On six other days,
But of her he never gets fonder.
The fish is a most lazy sire,
When offspring he wants to acquire,
In a passionate daze,
Over eggs he sachets,
And he don't even get to perspire.
But the Whale has a different approach,
From the pickerel, the bass, and the roach,

'Cause the whale is a mammal,
Like you and the camel,
Whose sex-life no one can reproach.
The whale is a lover first rate,
Who really knows how to create;
He stoops to the lewd,
To aquire a brood,
And he gets the most of his mate.
The fish's lovelife is assaninity,
The right idea in the wrong vicinity,
But we cheer for the whale,
Who distinctly is male,
And a member of high class soc-sin-ity.

—STEPHEN BOOTH, '51



THE ROMANS WERE ROCKS

A neophyte Andoverite might well receive a shock,
If walking fast to his next class he heard the cry "Hey Rock!"

It is too bad to shock a lad and so, for you and I
The duty's clear to tell this queer "Hi Babe", is the reply.

With faces bright and shoes once white they are the gifts of God.
Let every wheel a parting seal with "See you 'round the quad."

This striking crew which seems so new is nothing new at all;
The Roman rule in every school prescribed this well-known call,

Altus nate! Pendentne bene?

Whenever Tus discovered Cus upon the Appian Way,
Jupiter's choice would raise his voice and swift in answer say,

Bene, quam infernum? Salve, filius!

It's plain to see geology in Rome was quite the rage,
And you can bet *the* epithet was, (in the Augustan Age),

Saxum est, rupes est, mons est.

And if, by chance, some circumstance caused one to be denied,
His fate he'd learn and with this term be roughly cast aside,

Is est verum avibus.

The Roman law full well foresaw the parting of these guys,
And *rota* Cus to *rota* Tus would speak in such a wise,

Sic longus, nate, videbo te circum forum.

From ancient Rome, once rockdom's home, it's not so long at all
To Andover Hill. The Romans still hold sway in Pearson Hall.

And any who dare to wander there and visit Pearson G
A rock will find, and hear declined the noun (*t*) *cus, cuius, cui.*

Mane Laxus, Nate.

—ROBERT BACHNER, '51 AND STEPHEN BOOTH, '51

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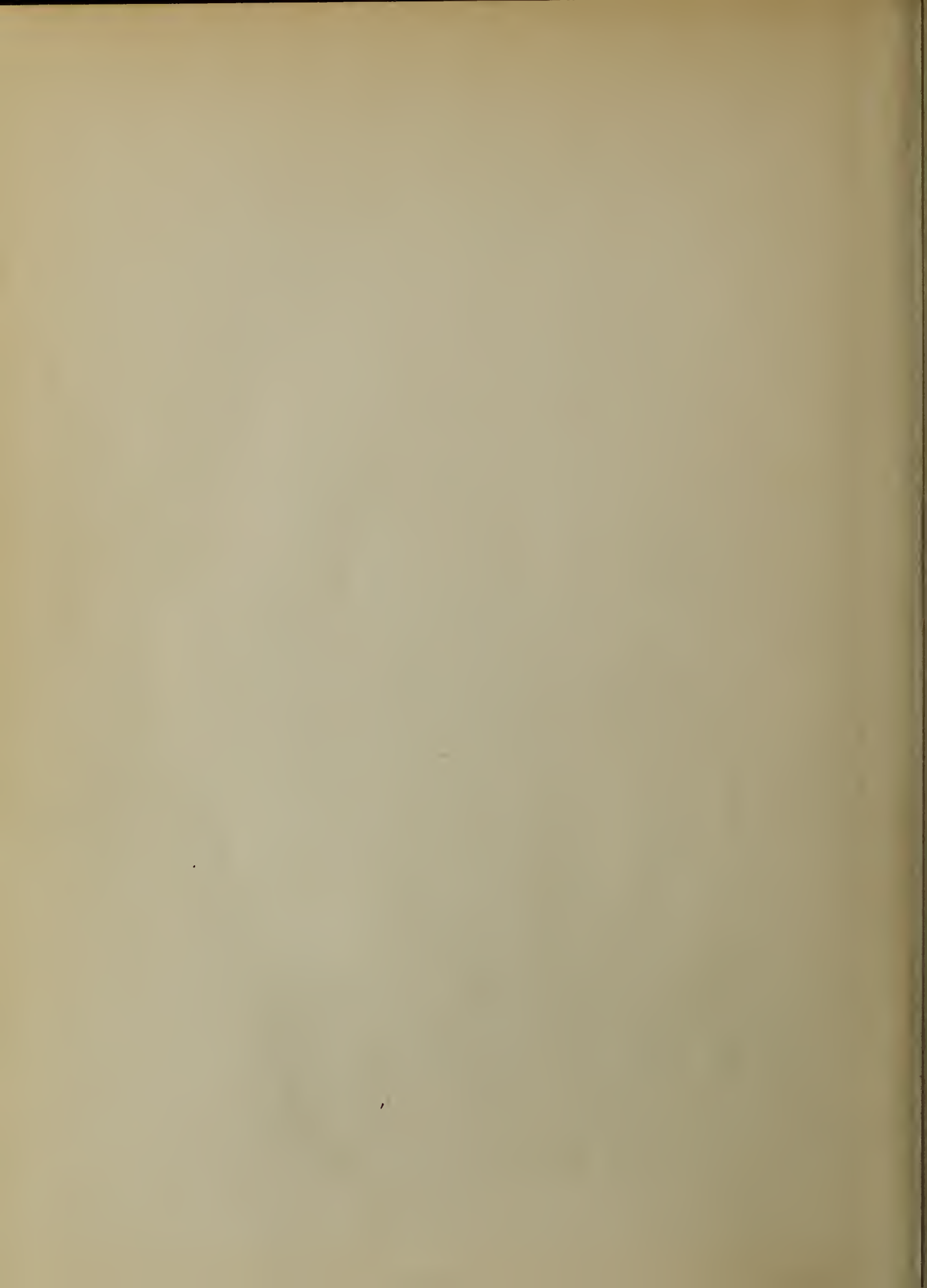
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